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FACE TO FACE WITH FACTS!

Most All the Pains and Aches of Kidney Ills Start With

FACTS.

A lame back is a bad back.
A weak back is a bad back.
An aching back is bad back.
A bad back comes from sick kidneys.
Sick kidneys cause backache.
Backache is the first step;
The first ache of Kidney Ills.
Urinary troubles next.
Disturb your night's rest,
Annoy you all day.
Dangerous Diabetes comes
Then Bright's disease,
The end is near then.

A BAD BACK

Every case of Backache, Diabetes or any kidney ill can be cured by

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

No other kidney remedy has ever received such emphatic endorsement. Read the testimony of

MORE FACTS.

Don't pay to experiment,
Kidney trouble is too serious,
Delays are dangerous.
Experiment means delay.
Take a remedy that's endorsed;
But get good endorsement.
A stranger's word isn't sufficient,
Hard to prove testimony from a distance.
Take the word of people you know,
Take the testimony of friends and neighbors
Easy to prove such evidence,
Ask them about it,
Local testimony is the best proof.

COLORADO SPRINGS PEOPLE

North Oak St.

Mr. C. C. Chamberlain, carpenter, of 14 North Oak street, says: "Derangement of the stomach accompanied by indigestion and constipation affected my kidneys, causing backache and a weakness across the loins. When the attacks were most acute considerable bloating of the body existed and it struck me after reading an account in our Colorado Springs papers about Doan's Kidney Pills that they might help me if I took a course of the treatment. I procured a box at Smith-Wilson Drug Co.'s drug store, and from the results obtained from its use I have no hesitation in indorsing the claims made for that preparation."

Cascade Ave.

Mr. H. C. Hughes, corner of Cascade and Vermijo street, says: "Doan's Kidney Pills helped me amazingly and I know they are a reliable remedy to the kidneys. I caught a cold, which settled in the small of my back and in the kidneys and caused me so much pain I was quite miserable. Reading an advertisement in our paper about Doan's Kidney Pills I sent my son to Jones & Wellington's drug store for a box. The treatment relieved me almost at once and up to date there has been no recurrence of the symptoms."

North Pitkin St.

Mrs. E. P. Kennedy, of 118 North Pitkin street, says: "If everyone in Colorado Springs who suffers from kidney complaint, backache or any of the consequences which accompany these far too prevalent annoyances, receives as much benefit from the treatment prescribed by Doan's Kidney Pills as I, they will not only recommend them to the public but they will advise everyone they meet to call at the Smith-Wilson Drug Co.'s store, 31 Tejon street, buy a box, take it according to directions and they will be surprised at the results."

North Walnut St.

Mrs. S. Hodge of 238 N. Walnut street, says: "If the first box of Doan's Kidney Pills procured at Jones & Wellington's drug store had not relieved rheumatic pain and backache I could not have been induced to continue the treatment, neither would I recommend through our Colorado Springs newspapers the means I employed to bring me relief. Doan's Kidney Pills act as represented."

East Platte Ave.

Mrs. C. Anderson of 513 East Platte street, says: "For four or five years I had attacks of backache until they extended over the hips to the back of the neck and were accompanied by dizzy spells and blurred vision. I knew what caused the trouble, but how to check it was a mystery. Doan's Kidney Pills came to my notice and I procured a box at Smith-Wilson Drug Co.'s drug store, 31 North Tejon street. Now I do not wish it understood that I am cured, for trouble of so long standing as mine resists ordinary efforts to dislodge it, but one thing I can conscientiously say: Doan's Kidney Pills gave me incalculable benefit."

North Weber St.

Mr. David DeGraff, of 515 North Weber street, says: "If I did not find that Doan's Kidney Pills keep kidney complaint in check, if they had not helped me from the first dose I took, I never would have bought some half dozen boxes at the Smith-Wilson Drug Co.'s drug store, 31 North Tejon street; neither would I have given two boxes to a friend of mine interested in mining property, nor would I be induced to recommend the preparation."

W. Costilla St.

Mr. F. J. Webber, of 119 W. Costilla street, gives the experience of a boy of eight years of age. He says: "I was in a position to watch him very closely but from what his mother and aunt who look after him tell me, Doan's Kidney Pills have done him a great amount of good. For three or four years he has experienced kidney trouble, complained of his back hurting him and was troubled with urinary weakness. Doan's Kidney Pills have checked this and he does not complain of his back any longer. My wife saw the pills advertised and got a box at Smith-Wilson Drug Co.'s store. If my statement of this case will be of any use to you, I am pleased to give it."

AN EMPIRE TO DEVELOP

"A soldier's life is good enough for me, and I am going back to the army just as soon as the enlistment papers can be made out," so spoke Lieutenant C. R. Morison last night at the Alta Vista. Lieutenant Morison is on his way from the Philippines to his home in Baltimore, and from there he is expected to Annapolis to take the regular military examination for enlistment as a commissioned officer. He joined the 32d volunteer regiment in August, 1898, and has been in the Philippines ever since.

"You never saw a jollier, happier and finer looking lot of men than the American soldiers in the Philippines," he continued enthusiastically. "Campaigning is fun there. The men don't begin to suffer the discomforts that our army did during the civil war. We are all housed in fine substantial quarters, in tents, but in comfortable houses. A soldier does not suffer so much from the heat as from cold, and the hot season is very short—from March until June. From June to November is the rainy season, and campaigning is then impossible. After November, the weather is delightful.

"Just as soon as the natives really get to know us, they will begin to realize how lucky they are that Americans ever came to the islands. An invading army is always unpopular. An industrial capture of the islands will subdue them finally. As an illustration, let me tell you that any man who will erect a sawmill there, no matter what his nationality may be, would be considered a public benefactor. There isn't a sawmill on the island. All the boards are made by hand, and it takes a man an entire day to cut a single piece of timber. The forests abound in an almost inexhaustible supply of the finest hardwood to be found anywhere in the world. Such beautiful wood, too.

"There are forest tracts of thousands and thousands of acres, and the tropical growth is so rapid that the supply of wood will never be exhausted. Trees attain a gigantic growth in a few years—say eight to ten. One can easily see what the possibilities of this undeveloped resource might become under proper conditions. It is just the same with all other products of the country. The natives get along with just as little as they possibly can. Many of them depend on the wild vegetation—or I might say, the spontaneous growth of fruits that were once cultivated and are now a volunteer product. They make precious little attempt at cultivation. If they can get along without work, they are not apt to exert themselves to get any more than they absolutely need.

"In the mountainous country, the mines have never been touched. Many American prospectors have examined the mines, but no actual developments have yet been made on account of the uncertainties of land titles. The government owns nearly all this land, and the church owns a great deal. Under existing conditions, no man cares to hazard his money on land for which a clear title cannot be obtained. But all this will change soon, and when it does the islands will experience wonderful prosperity. It will come soon, too, for the war is practically over.

"Like all military officers, Lieutenant Morison very tactfully declined to express any opinion on the war, further than that it was practically over. He is a brilliant engineer, and when he thinks the islands just as good as any place on earth, next to the states. If any one had any doubts as to the ability of the islands to support a large population, a glance at Lieutenant Morison would convince them that there are few, if any, healthier places anywhere. His six feet of brown muscle present an ideal picture of health and energy.

Lieutenant Morison is accompanied by his mother, Mrs. C. Morison, and his sisters, who went to California to meet him.

sheep will supersede the cattle industry. In the meantime, the cowboys and the sheep herders will keep merrily on killing each other now and then by way of diversionment.

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TRANSVAAL JOURNALISM

From remote and distant South Africa, a daily newspaper, the Durban Natal Mercury, has reached this city. Although the paper is of date March 28, it is yet full of news, and contains a great deal of interesting material.

The paper was sent by Dr. A. J. Savage of this city, who went to South Africa about one year ago with a large contingent of soldiers. Dr. Savage sailed for this country April 13.

In the first place, the general makes up of the paper is a striking contrast to any American sheet. The first four pages are taken up entirely by advertisements. The first bit of straight reading matter is then follows four columns of sporting items. There is just half a column of short cable news and about twice as much telegraphic news. About two columns of general local news complete the reading matter in a large eight-column ten-page paper.

The advertisements of the imperial government take up fully one-fourth of the paper. For instance, the call for men to enter the army is all made through regular advertisements. One of the advertisements calls for recruits to enter the bicycle corps. The subject matter of all these advertisements is printed in extra large type, double column or larger.

The bicycle corps companies the columns operating in Cape Colony. The pay is 5 shillings, or about \$1.25 per day, and the government furnishes the wheels, in which case the wheels become the property of the men for three months' service. Otherwise the pay is 7 shillings, or about \$1.75 per day, and the government furnishes the wheels. The bicycle corps are also advertised for enlistment in Steyners horse, a troop of aviators in the Gordon Highlanders. The pay is stated as 8 shillings a day, with an increase of 1 shilling after six months and another increase of 1 shilling after one year's service. Everything, horse, kit and accoutrements is furnished by the government, and remains government property. Rations are more liberal than the usual government rations. Seventy-five per cent. of these men must speak the native language fluently. As a special inducement for enlistment, every facility is given to those desiring to leave before the termination of the war. In no instance is the term of enlistment over one year.

The matter of native government is along with the English, occurs throughout the paper. In an advertisement for laborers, the statement is made that "men, not unfarms, are required."

All the advertisements are catalogued by number and dated to the time of their expiration. There is a delightful indefiniteness about all statements that seems at variance with the habitual precision of British character. As an instance, the Durban handlop races advertise a 15,000 pound sweep "more or less." Another man advertises a farm of "say about 257 acres, more or less."

Among other imperial advertisements is one offering for sale 15,000 sheep and up of the paper is a striking contrast to any American sheet. The first four pages are taken up entirely by advertisements. The first bit of straight reading matter is then follows four columns of sporting items. There is just half a column of short cable news and about twice as much telegraphic news. About two columns of general local news complete the reading matter in a large eight-column ten-page paper.

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Rich Finds Reported From Nome District

"Just let a story of marvelously rich finds diggers at the North Pole be circulated among the Cape Nome 'stampers' and it will be only a question of a short time before the northern extremity of the earth's axis will not only be discovered but all of the ground adjacent will be staked," said Philip D. Wilson yesterday.

"I am just in receipt of a letter from one my partners I left in Nome 'city last winter,'" continued Mr. Wilson, "and he writes very interestingly of the new discoveries away up north of Nome, a long distance inside the Arctic circle. According to him, three new districts have been opened up during the winter and are reported to be paying handsomely but no figures are given. The Kuskokwim excitement which lured many away from Nome last fall is said to be a big fake, started by one of the transportation companies in order to dispose of a large amount of provisions taken in there during the Bristol bay excitement."

"This letter came out over the ice by dog teams to Dawson, thence down to Skagway and San Francisco and took nearly four months to reach me. The people of Nome did not know that McKinley was re-elected until a short time before he took the oath of office."

New City Hall Bond Sale Is Authorized

The ordinance introduced a couple of weeks ago in the city council, providing for an issue of bonds for the erection of a new city hall for Colorado Springs, was passed by the council last night.

It provides for the sale of \$118,000 of 10 per cent. gold bonds of the city of Colorado Springs, the same to become optional after the expiration of ten years from their date, and for the creation of a sinking fund to take up the same. A levy is to be made in the city of \$18,000 for this sinking fund and each year thereafter until and including 1915 the levy is to provide for \$20,000 which will make the sinking fund complete in 15 years, which is as long as the bonds can remain outstanding under the law.

The vote on the passage of this ordinance was unanimous, all the members of the council being present. Bids for the purchase of these bonds will probably be read at the next regular meeting of the council, or at an adjourned meeting, and the bonds will be sold early in June. Other preliminaries to the beginning of the work on the new city hall will be disposed of as rapidly as possible.

The city clerk was instructed to advertise for bids for lumber for repairing the city hall, and to have the same delivered to the city hall as soon as possible.

The council held a brief executive session on Wednesday night when the Santa Fe-Pike's Peak avenue underpassing proposition will be made a special order.

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CUT THROUGH STEEL BARS

Although eleven desperate criminals in the county jail have been working industriously for weeks in a daring attempt to escape, their bold work was only discovered Thursday afternoon by jailers and Sheriff Goddard and his deputies. Charles Gavin and his fellow members of the gang of notorious safe blowers and several other prisoners, eleven in all, actually sawed through two bars of what is reported to be the strongest jail cage in the west, and only the wrenching of the bars and an assault upon a keeper lay between the prisoners and liberty when they were discovered.

How long the plotters worked before they even aroused suspicion is not known, but it was weeks, probably months. As all are to be tried soon, it is thought the break for freedom was to have been made this week.

The eleven prisoners are confined in what is known as the "strong box," a cage of strong steel bars, including six cells and a small corridor, the "boarders" being locked in the cells at night. Connected with the cage is a bath room with steel bars, and here is where the men chose to operate. They had smuggled into the jail three eight inch saws and made other tools out of knives without being suspected by the authorities.

The jailer allowed two men in the bath room at a time and locked them in while they bathed, and it is supposed that while one made a noise by splashing, the other sawed the steel bars. It was known that some of the men are considered the most desperate criminals in custody in this state, yet they were not watched closely enough by the county authorities to prevent their cutting through the steel bars.

Charles Muse, the turn-key, noticed at last that something unusual was going on. He notified Sheriff Goddard and at 3 o'clock Thursday afternoon the sheriff, with Deputies Pitts and Alward, arrived at the jail.

The eleven men who have been in the "strong box" are as follows: Charles Gavin, head of the Gavin gang of safe crackers; Wilson, Connors and Morrison, also members of this gang; Hamilton and McKay, alleged burglars, one an ex-convict; Backner, a cattle rustler, also colored; Wiseman, a cattle rustler; Kidwell, a hold-up, and William Richmond, held for alleged robberies. In Colorado city, it is thought, the jailer would be met in the corridor before the street door could be reached. With the jailer's revolver they could have eliminated any others they might have met.

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and Turn-key Muse, surrounded the "strong box." One by one the eleven prisoners in the cage were made to strip and don new clothes, and then each was locked in a cell. The search followed and these are what was found in the cage:

Three eight-inch saws, five pieces of saws, a piece of scissor blade, a knife one inch long, sharpened and fitted with a wooden handle. The large saws each had handles which had been made by the prisoners from wire hamp-nock hooks in their cells. These saws were wrapped in a blanket and hidden under the steel floor of the cage, while some of the smaller pieces were in a bottle of dark colored medicine in one of the men's cells.

An examination of the bath room showed that the men had sawed through the tops of two of the bars, while the bottom of each was sawed half in two. The work was done at night, and the men had to go out into the corridor to get the saws. The jailer would be met in the corridor before the street door could be reached. With the jailer's revolver they could have eliminated any others they might have met.

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Range Boundaries Should Be Settled

"It seems to me that it is about time for your legislators to make some kind of just laws governing the public range," said E. J. Parsons at the Alamo yesterday. Mr. Parsons hails from Olathe, in Kansas, where the American eagle never ceases screaming "equality." Hence Mr. Parsons' criticism of Colorado laws may be pardoned.

"Where the amount of money that is lost annually, the feuds that have been engendered and the lives that have been lost all on account of the jealousies and animosities of the sheep and cattle men is a blot on the history of this great commonwealth," continued Mr. Parsons.

"There are certain sections of the public grange of this state that ought to be set aside for the sheep men, exclusively; the land is better adapted for sheep raising, and more of it could be utilized. The annual output of wool from this state is steadily increasing and in time the raising of

sheep will supersede the cattle industry. In the meantime, the cowboys and the sheep herders will keep merrily on killing each other now and then by way of diversionment.

"As it is now, no written law protects either the cattle or sheep men. There seems to be some sort of a tacit agreement as to the boundaries, but it is usually 'might makes right.' As an instance of this warfare, it was just about three months ago that a number of cowboys attempted to wreak their vengeance on a herd of 8,000 sheep by forcing them over a precipice because the poor beasts had strayed over to the forbidden side of the river. Fortunately, the plot was discovered before more than three or four hundred had been killed."

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LIBRARIES FOR COUNTY TOWNS

Branches of the Colorado Springs public library are to be established in six towns in El Paso county tomorrow. The branches will be traveling libraries, each of the following towns having 50 books at least: Calhan, Fountain, Falcon, Monument, Eastonville and Ramah.

The arrangement has been made as the result of an agreement between the county commissioners and the directors of the Colorado Springs public library. Several days ago the commissioners appropriated \$500, which will be paid to the local library, the latter institution to maintain the branches and pay the expenses of transporting the books from town to town.

The Sudden Death of Harvey Young

The intelligence of the death of Harvey Young, the artist, comes as a shock to his friends in this city and all over the state. He died yesterday at 2 p. m. at his home at 1822 North Tejon street, after a very brief illness. Although he had been in poor health for a number of years, his condition at no time was considered serious. Saturday last he was out-of-doors and greeted a number of his friends. He died of congestion of the lungs.

Mr. Young has resided in Colorado since 1879 and during the past two years has lived in this city. His reputation as a painter of western life was navy Young, the artist, comes as a shock to his friends in this city and all over the state. He died yesterday at 2 p. m. at his home at 1822 North Tejon street, after a very brief illness. Although he had been in poor health for a number of years, his condition at no time was considered serious. Saturday last he was out-of-doors and greeted a number of his friends. He died of congestion of the lungs.

ESTERBROOK'S PENS

THE BEST MADE. ALL STATIONERS SELL THEM.
20 cents for 12 assorted pens.
THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.
20 John St., New York.
Weekly Gazette \$1 a Year.

The Weekly Gazette

Published Every Wednesday
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

A QUARTO-CENTENNIAL SUGGESTION.

ONE OF the plans that has been suggested for the Quarto-centennial, by a gentleman not a resident of this city, is for a joint meeting of the various hereditary societies of the state. It is proposed that the Cincinnati, the Colonial Dames, Colonial Governors, D. A. R.'s, D. R.'s, S. A. R.'s, S. R.'s, the Loyal Legion and other similar societies should join in a union meeting with possibly a dinner on one of the evenings of Quarto-centennial week.

The idea appears to be a good one and it has met with approval from some of our own citizens that are chiefly interested. The objects of these societies include the study and investigation of historical subjects and the cultivation of patriotism, both of which are distinctly in harmony with the celebration proposed for this occasion. Besides that there has not even been any such joint meeting of the hereditary societies of the state, and it would, as one of the features of the Quarto-centennial attract the interest and secure the attendance of a large number of persons who might not otherwise be present. The suggestion should be borne in mind by the proper committee.

OWL CARS IN COLORADO SPRINGS.

THE ONLY way in which it can be determined whether midnight cars can be made profitable in Colorado Springs is to try them. The petition being circulated among the people of the West Side and of Colorado City is all right as far as it goes, but the number of people who will sign such a petition is of much less importance than the number who would ride in the half-past-eleven and midnight car, which it is proposed to establish. If there is traffic sufficient to warrant such an arrangement, the company would undoubtedly be very glad to arrange for it; if there is not, it would be folly to expect it to be done.

The Gazette's idea is that it would be a good plan for the company to begin by undertaking the experiment for one night in the week, on Saturday, both on the Colorado City and the North Tejon street line. If it does not prove a success after a week's experiment, the service could easily be discontinued, while if the car should prove to be very well patronized it might seem advisable to extend the arrangement to cover the other days of the week.

THE ANNEXATION OF CUBA.

IT APPEARS that there is no longer any doubt that the Platt amendments will be ratified by the Cuban convention, and there remains little or no danger of an attempt to establish an independent Cuban republic without regard to the wishes of the United States. But a more serious question is already coming into prominence, and will soon be one of the principal subjects of discussion.

The Cuban people are coming to realize what a very serious matter it will be to them to be shut out from the markets of the United States and to be placed upon the basis of foreign producers, while the planters of Puerto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines enjoy unrestricted access to the American markets.

But in opposition to this growing sentiment in Cuba in favor of annexation, it is more than ever apparent that there will be a strong party in the United States that would oppose any permanent union with Cuba. This party includes many who sincerely fear the reception into our commonwealth of such a large number of people not educated up to our standards, but it gains its greatest strength from the sugar, tobacco and other special agricultural interests of this country.

It is already evident that the establishment of the Cuban republic will not put an end to the Cuban question. On the contrary, it will be the beginning of a long-continued agitation whose final outcome may be long delayed.

THE ROUGH RIDERS' REUNION.

EVENTS are crowding upon each other so close this summer in Colorado Springs that it is necessary to overlap them. Before the presidential visit has become a fact, we are called on to prepare for the welcome to the Rough Riders and other big events of the future are already beginning to attract the attention of those specially interested.

In the case of the Rough Riders the city has extended a formal invitation to this organization to meet here, and no effort should or will be spared to make their welcome a hearty and sufficient one. In entertaining such a gathering Colorado Springs is doing something for which by character and situation this city is particularly well fitted, and it should be made a part of our regular plans for every summer to secure the attendance of as many conventions and reunions and similar gatherings as is possible.

The entertainment of the Rough Riders has been placed in the hands of a very efficient committee, whose efforts will receive the cordial support of the general public.

THE GERMANS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

IT IS becoming more and more evident as the years roll by that at some time in the future the United States will have to face the problem of a large German population in South America, which may in the course of time succeed in establishing its control over one of the present republics, or in wresting a part of its territory from one of the nations now existing, for the purpose of forming a new state.

But it is by no means certain that the question will be as difficult of solution or as dangerous to our interests as we are sometimes led to believe.

If we accept the theory that every South American German, his children and his grandchildren will remain constant to the belief in the divine right of kings and a desire to promote the expansion of German imperialism, then indeed the future would be threatening, and the prospects of trouble almost sure. If every German immigrant to Brazil or Chile is a colonialist in the imperial sense who is only waiting for a good opportunity in order to set up a revolution against the country that shelters him and to bring it under the rule of the German emperor, then indeed we may well ask ourselves to what extent we shall tolerate a course of action that would be unbearable if undertaken by more direct means.

But we have no direct evidence that the Germans of South America remain imperialists for any great length of time, and still less is it likely that their children and grandchildren will conspire to exchange the liberties of a republic for the restrictions of an empire. It is not at all improbable that in the case of the settlement of a certain province largely by Germans, race difficulties might arise with a federal government controlled by people of Portuguese or Spanish descent, but it is not likely that German immigrants, a large proportion of whom were made such

by the harsh militarism of the fatherland, would seek relief from a Spanish majority in a South American republic by becoming German colonialists.

In the United States there is no class of citizens who are more thoroughly loyal than those of German race and descent, none more intelligent in their appreciation of the true spirit of Americanism, and none more sincerely devoted to the preservation of the liberty that has been bestowed upon them by this republic. We can hardly conceive of any possible circumstances under which the German Americans of Colorado or New York would appeal to Emperor William to protect them from their neighbors of British descent. Something of the same conditions must prevail on the plains of South America, and if ever the struggle between human liberty and the divine right of kings is to be fought out in an armed contest between the allied kingdoms of Europe and the republics of America, we have no doubt that German-Americans of Brazil and of Chile will be found fighting on the same side as their brothers of Illinois and Colorado.

It should be the task of the United States to so direct its diplomacy that the people of South America, of whatever race or origin, should realize the community of interest that binds us together, and if this is done we need not fear that the German refugee from old world tyranny will ever be made an agent to replace the chains on his own limbs and to enslave his new found neighbors of America.

BRYAN ON RECONCILIATION.

FOR a year past the leaders of the Democratic party have been asking themselves, quietly and under the rose, "What shall we do to be saved?" The Kansas City convention was merely an adjourned meeting of the Chicago convention of 1896. It had nothing to do but reaffirm and add a plank on the question of imperialism. The convention came very near a stampede, and the silver plank was saved by a bare vote of one. Possibly some members of the party believed at that time that success was possible; the majority of them did not, and a large minority did not desire it. They saw in the campaign of last fall a golden opportunity to get rid of Bryan and Bryanism, meaning the recruits brought to the party from the Silver Republicans and Populists. The reorganization that they advocate has the same benevolent purpose in view.

This is the peculiar form of mania that has always attacked the Democratic party at critical moments. It was this that has gained for it the name of "The party of blunders." Like the dog that dropped the meat in his mouth to catch at its reflection in the stream, they are always relinquishing that which they have to snap at chimeras. The bird in the bush is always more desirable, from the Democratic point of view, than the bird in the hand. They make it hard to join with them, and forget their allies when the battle is over. Mr. Bryan opposes, in his forcible manner, the reorganization of the party, realizing that no party ever grows great and strong by a process of judicious (?) elimination, and urges instead a policy of assimilation. His plan as outlined in The Commoner, is briefly as follows:

Reconciliation between the two elements must be brought about, if at all, in one of two ways. First, by such a change of opinion as will produce concord agreement.

The minority denies that it has changed, and there is no evidence of change in the majority.

Second, the two elements might be brought together by some question of importance to overshadow the question about which they differ, but in such case the platform must represent the views of the majority on minor questions.

The struggle between plutocracy and Democracy must be fought out and the Democratic party must take one side or the other. There is no middle ground. If those who have opposed the party in recent years are willing to take the Democratic side in this struggle there will be no difficulty in "getting together," and there will be no lack of harmony. If, however, the men who have been voting the Republican ticket expect to come back, and convert the Democratic party into a plutocratic party, to be run along Republican lines and according to Republican methods, they will have to announce their platform and make the issue at the primaries. The 6,000,000 and more voters who supported the ticket will not be led into the Republican party without struggle. There is no sense in inviting an opponent into your house to see which can put out the other and those who remain faithful have a right to know whether the reorganizers come as friends or as enemies.

This sets the case forth very fairly, but there is one point that Mr. Bryan does not see, or seeing prefers not to dwell upon, and that is that thousands of citizens are being driven into the Republican party. There is room for only two parties in this country. There will be independent movements, but they are sporadic in their nature and ephemeral in their duration. In the Democratic party, nationally, there is an utter lack of cohesion and fixed purpose; locally—to put it mildly, it leaves very much to be desired; everywhere it is selfish and aggressive, offering few inducements to outsiders to enter its fold.

In its battle against "plutocracy" it threatens the rights of all capital, and makes no distinctions. There were able men in the Thirteenth general assembly who saw with dismay the tendency to treat all corporate interests as enemies to the public welfare, and asked, "Does loyalty to Democratic doctrine mean the throttling of every industry that shows signs of growing strong and powerful?" Some of them will be found hereafter in the ranks of the Republican party, not because they have been "led" there, but because they are driven away from Democracy by its entire lack of discrimination.

Take, for example, the single case of the mining tax sections in the revenue bill; there were men who could see nothing but "Portland" and "Independence" and "Little Jonnes"; so determined were they to reach the proprietors of these great mines that they were blind to the thousands of little companies or individual owners struggling to keep their mines working at all.

The Democratic party needs, even more than it needs "reconciliation" or "reconstruction," coherence in its plans and intentions, cohesion among its members and a constructive policy. It needs a realizing sense of its own infirmities that would make it a little less oppressively pompous, and a larger view of affairs that will permit its members to see beyond the confines of their own precincts and wards. The fact that it does not in the least recognize or admit any of these needs is one of the several causes for congratulation in the Republican party.

And now it is the gorgeousness of the presidential train that is worrying some of the Antis. According to these modern Jeffersons, the president of the United States ought to travel in a tourist sleeper, and we are not quite certain but that in order to escape any possible criticism for an alliance with soulless corporations, he ought to beat his way from Washington to California and return on the blind baggage.

THE VALUE OF WATER POWER.

IN THE Engineering Magazine for May, Professor Franz Prasil writes of the important benefits resulting to Switzerland from the possession of abundant water power.

"Nature has not endowed the Swiss soil," says Professor Prasil, "with those treasures that in other lands form the basis on which private and public wealth is built, through industry and trade, and yet Switzerland is a leading industrial country, able, with its products, successfully to maintain its position in the commercial world. This is made possible because its many water powers alone so plentifully for the lack of coal that very often the saving in power cost is great enough to pay for the transportation of products to the borders of the country, and even as far as the great world-markets, and also because the people, owing to the thorough training in their technical institutions, and their intense practical activity at home and abroad, possess in an eminent degree the capacity for the production of goods of high quality. Machine building takes a leading position among Swiss industries, as is evidenced by the success achieved at the Paris exposition. In particular, the manufacture of turbines has developed to such a degree, in consequence of the need for making the most of the country's water power, that it is now carried on by 12 companies."

The remarks have a particular local interest in Colorado. We have an advantage, it is true, over Switzerland, because we have a fertile soil, immense deposits of coal and very varied mineral resources, which Switzerland does not possess. But it is true beyond question that our water power will be in the future one of our most valuable resources and it should always be included in considering the industrial possibilities of our state.

THE VALUE OF RARE METALS.

A PROPOS of recent finds of such rare minerals as cadmium and uranium in Colorado mines, the Engineering and Mining Journal of New York City calls attention to the undoubted fact that the price of these metals as quoted in the catalogues of chemical supply houses is entirely misleading and very far from representing the cash value at which any large quantity of the metal could be sold. Metallic cadmium, for instance, is quoted at \$1.40 a pound, while uranium oxide is quoted at \$3 a pound, and metallic uranium is correspondingly more valuable. It should be borne in mind, however, that a large part of this value is represented by the costly process of extraction from other ores, a process whose difficulty is increased by the fact that the demand is for chemically pure materials free from mixture with other metals.

But the chief difficulty with such substances as uranium and cadmium as marketable products lies in the very limited use that is made of them. A very small amount of the material is sufficient to supply all demands for it, and the production of a larger amount would be certain to result in a marked decrease in price. There is this to be said, however, that the decrease in price is likely in many instances to result in the discovery of new and profitable uses of these metals, so that the substances may be transferred from the list of substances that are merely chemical curiosities to that of those that are really valuable materials for the manufacturer. Indeed, to some extent this appears likely to be the case with cadmium, which, according to recent reports, is particularly useful in the construction of electric storage batteries.

The sensible conclusion appears to be that the discovery of any rare mineral in Colorado ores should not be made the basis for extravagant hopes based on the price list of rare metals, but on the other hand it is altogether probable that if cadmium or uranium or any other metal can be produced in considerable quantities from Colorado mines, some profitable use will be found for it, and it is quite likely that the future will witness the development of new stores of wealth of which we have now no knowledge.

It appears that Colorado can furnish about everything except codfish and coconuts that can be asked of her, and on the other hand it is pretty safe to trust the inventive Yankee of the east to discover a profitable use for anything we may be able to furnish him.

DR. PEARSONS' DISCRIMINATION.

THERE is no objectionable sectionalism in Dr. Pearson's statement that he will give no money east of Chicago.

It is a discrimination against the east, to be sure, but a wise and far-seeing benefactor, such as Dr. Pearson, is known to be, has the right to discriminate. It is even his duty to do so.

Opportunity is the test by which Dr. Pearson apportions his gifts, and he sees in the growing west how his well-placed dollars may become the source of everlasting benefits that will continue to grow in measure and value through all the years of the future.

The strategy of benevolence is a subject to which even generous millionaires seldom devote sufficient consideration, but which Dr. Pearson knows thoroughly. He means to plant his dollars where they will grow, and it is not surprising that he chooses the west for that purpose.

As for the east, it has millionaires of its own, and its educational needs are already far better supplied in proportion than those of the newer west.

THE BALTIMORE ELECTION.

ONE OF the recent notable political events was the election in Baltimore. The city is naturally Democratic, and under the operation of the disfranchisement law, passed by the late legislature, it was believed that assurance had been made doubly sure.

Much to the surprise of the politicians, however, the people took things in their own hands, and the schemers were rebuked by a most decisive majority for the Republican ticket.

The incident affords an additional proof of the truth of a principle to which attention has frequently been called in these columns. Trickery, intimidation and fraud are poor political weapons. In the great majority of cases, they fail absolutely to accomplish the expected benefit, and in the others, the benefit is only a temporary one. The only way to secure permanent political power is for the party to deal honestly with the people.

In Colorado the Democratic majority in the last legislature undertook to perpetuate its power by refusing to pass a congressional reapportionment, and by enacting an assembly reapportionment that is destitute of the first principles of justice, and is deliberately intended to disfranchise the Republicans of this state, and to shut out Republican counties from participation in state affairs. We shall be surprised if the people of Colorado are less prompt than those of Maryland to rebuke such unfair partisanship and outrage upon the good name of the state.

In consequence of a recent unpleasant incident, in which the sultan killed his doctor and shot his vizier because the former pinched his imperial ear, future medical consultations will be arranged over the telephone and massage will be performed by a bullet proof automaton.

CONTINENTAL STATEHOOD.

THE QUESTIONS that came to the surface immediately after the close of the war with Spain were discussed with vehemence and intensity, and they were, for the most part, quickly settled. Such questions were that regarding the right of the United States to expand itself across the ocean, the one concerning the right of the United States to establish a tariff upon the products of Puerto Rico, the one concerning the suppression of the Tagal rebellion in Luzon, the one that dealt with the immediate settlement of our relations with Cuba, and others of a similar character.

In our treatment of these matters we have been, to a large extent, opportunists. We have done the best thing possible under the circumstances, and we have very wisely postponed the adoption of some comprehensive line of policy until a clearer view of the situation and circumstances should permit us to grasp more intelligently the problems that lie before us.

It is already evident that the larger and more difficult questions are the ones that yet remain to be settled. The establishment of an independent republic in Cuba, even if that be accomplished without any further disturbance, by no means solves the problem of the future destiny of that island and its relation to our country. The dispersion of the insurgents of Luzon and the arrest or surrender of their leaders, is by no means a sufficient answer to the question, "What is going to become of the Philippines?"

For the present, the situation appears clear, but in the future, these questions must arise, and the people of the United States must have their minds prepared by thought and discussion to give the proper and final answer.

Already there is apparent a disposition on the part of many Americans to take the position that never at any time can either Cuba or Luzon become an American state and an equal factor in our union. According to this idea, membership in the American union must be limited to the continent. New Mexico, Oklahoma and Arizona will constitute the complete circle of states, unless some unforeseen event should expand our area to the north or south.

There is much to be said in favor of this view. Our government and our institutions are planned by Anglo-Saxons for an Anglo-Saxon race. Their success is possible only among a people possessing a very large degree of individual character and intelligence. We already have a grave problem in the presence of certain elements that are not easily assimilated with the rest of our people, and in some states the theory of government by the unrestrained will of the majority is discredited and abandoned. We certainly have most grave and serious problems of our own, without complicating them by the addition of Cuba or Luzon.

But the people who argue that the limits of the self-governing states of the union should never surpass the North American continent are perhaps too hasty in their adoption of a policy for the nation. At the present time, there is no part of the world, with the possible exception of Canada, that we would wish to see included within our union as one or more states, on an equal footing with the others. But it is not saying that at some future time the situation may not change, and there is nothing repulsive nor dangerous in the thought that at some future time, senators from Cuba or Luzon should sit beside those from Maine or Colorado.

It may be urged that the United States has no right to accept, as territories, any islands which it is not the intention to admit as states within a reasonable length of time. But such a contention is based upon a narrow view of the Constitution that is not acceptable to the majority of our people. The United States has the right to amend its Constitution, and consequently, it has the right to do anything that may be considered to be for the best welfare of its people. We have the right, if we choose to do so, to receive under our care, dependent peoples, and to educate them to the point where they may be entrusted with their own independence or may be lifted into a share in our union as self-governing states. The permanent retention, as territories, of islands that can never become states, and which we have no intention of erecting into independent self-governing nations, is not in accordance with the spirit of our institutions; but in practical affairs there is no difference apparent between the island that is being held permanently as a dependency, the one that is being educated towards statehood, and the one that is being uplifted toward independence.

ESTERHAZY'S CONFESSION.

COUNT ESTERHAZY's formal confession of the authorship of the famous Dreyfus bordereau, as published in the Independence Belge, will add little to the certainty of the fact already generally believed, or to the infamy in which he is justly held by justice-loving people throughout the world.

On the other hand, it is not likely that the confession of this scoundrel will have any effect in France in restoring the good name of Dreyfus, or in abating the prejudice against him. The victim of the bureaucracy was punished, not because he was guilty, but because he was, for various reasons, objectionable, and each fresh proof of his innocence only serves to add to the bitterness of hatred against him. A Frenchman actually guilty of the crime with which Dreyfus was charged would not have been made to suffer as this victim of cruel wrong has done.

THE FLORENCE OIL DISTRICT.

THE OIL DISTRICT at Florence has been thus far the only important producing area in this state, and more development work has been done there than in all others put together.

But recent discoveries in the Florence district serve to strengthen the belief, which has been quite generally held, that this oil field is capable of large extension both in area and in productive ability.

The recent interest in oil promises to add greatly to the importance of this industry in our state, and it is an illustration of how much good might be accomplished in many ways by the application of capital in an intelligent manner to our varied resources.

A POINT OF SLANG.

THE GAZETTE does not object to slang when it is apt, appropriate and reasonable. The slang of today becomes the idiom of the future and the idiom of today is the slang of the past.

But there is a difference in slang. If you tell a man for instance, that his "trolley is off," you have expressed his temporary disconnection with his motive power in language that may be more fitting and expressive than any other that could be used.

But if you tell him—and this expression is heard every day—that he is off his trolley, you are talking foolishness. Be sensible, even when talking slang.

After their temporary foray into the swamps of Wall street our local speculators will be glad to get back to the solid ground of Cripple Creek mining stocks.

JUSTICE JEROME'S DANGEROUS EXAMPLE.

By JULIUS CHAMBERS.

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Mr. Justice Jerome is one of those brilliant examples of the strenuous whose exploits from the rising of the sun to the setting of the same, or, perhaps more correctly speaking, from the setting of the sun to the rising of the sun produce in a man of more than common energy a feeling of lassitude. In metropolitan life of the city of New York only one other similar example has been found. Search the annals as you will, turn the well-thumbed pages of it and it is not until you come to R that the other example will be found. He you may read of one Roosevelt, Theodore, police commissioner.

Mr. Justice Jerome may have read of the midnight adventures of Ted, the commissioner, with feelings akin to jealousy, or for all one knows, with his lip curling contemptuously. In two respects they resemble each other so far as they both imitate the night hawk seeking their quarry by night, a both look upon the lesser mortals who inhabit this fastidious metropolis in the eyes. But Teddy had teeth and the sun, while Mr. Justice Jerome has been forced to a sledge hammer and a frown.

Police Commissioner Roosevelt, by midnight deeds of official wakefulness swooped down upon the truant bluecoat seeking the seclusion of the saloon's side door and ordered him to his post, or pounced upon the laborer little daughter fetching home a pint of beer for the Sunday dinner.

Mr. Justice Jerome, after a day's labor in disposing of the leisure time sundry "drinks and disorders," places himself at the head of police pressed into his service and becomes the lair of the half-broken gambler, catch him red handed in dealing the bewitching fair cards or deftly spinning a merry roulette ball.

Some unappreciative citizens are not impressed by the energy displayed by Mr. Justice Jerome any more than they were by Police Commissioner Roosevelt. They are of the opinion that midnight exploits of the character indulged in by these stalwart examples of the strenuous life have a tendency to low the dignity of the official positions to which they are or were intended.

It is no matter of record that Commissioner Roosevelt did impair his usefulness in regulating the department under his control by doing round men's work, and what the effect upon the magisterial bench will be by the raids of Mr. Justice Jerome is yet to be learned. One thing, however, Mr. Justice Jerome has proven, and that is the reforms of the late police commissioner were not lasting. It is the police force, as well as the gambler Mr. Jerome has put on evidence.

In small communities the energy of one citizen may possibly at certain times find outlet in several capacities, but in a great city like New York it is an incumbent duty on a citizen to become an expert in one line. The picture of a justice of the court of sessions charging, a la Don Quixote, the windmills of the gamblers, with the counsel of the vice committee as his Sancho Panza, is entertaining to the newspaper reader, who enjoys picturesque touches to routine police work, yet on more sober reflection it causes a blush to mantle the cheeks of the citizen who desires to see the bench administer justice impartially.

Departments of public service such as the police force is may become rotten to the core at the bench, the only safeguard for individual and public rights, entrusted with the impartial administration of justice, must be preserved from the contamination of prejudice. Evidence must be weighed cool, calm, dispassionate, unprejudiced men, according to the rules governing the admission of evidence. Men who become prosecutors, process servers, executors of warrants can scarcely escape prejudice. Prejudice has no place in the scales of justice; and the man who can drive the guilty to the prison pen is not the man to hold the scales of justice a few hours after.

Mr. Justice Jerome may be an exceptional man, an immune from the weaknesses of the flesh, but he sets a dangerous example. The bench should not be exposed to conditions provocative of bias, even though a gambler escapes, and a police force remains corrupted. If there are no other citizens to carry on the excellent work so ably done by Mr. Justice Jerome, then let him resign from the bench in order to conduct his raids. A justice, pistol in hand, serving his own warrants, is almost too primitive a performance for a city of the magnitude of New York.

STOCKBROKERS TODAY AND TWO CENTURIES AGO.

By JOHN P. FOLEY.

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The closing days of the first April and the opening days of the first May of the new century will be remembered in the financial history of this nation as alone of the United States, but of the world. Then, in the New York stock exchange, the most colossal sales of stocks on record took place, and the ownership of vast railroad and other properties changed hands at the stupendous rate of a million dollars a minute, extending over a period of five hours. As a game of money-making or money-losing, it was magnificent, in fact, the most gigantic contest of the kind that ever took place. By the moralist it will, of course, be condemned, and justly so, while the philanthropist will deplore it because of the enormous loss of money, and the student of the history of human nature. To the disinterested patriot it will appear as a sad and ominous symptom of the times, foreshadowing degenerate and corrupt social conditions which the lessons of all experience prove to be fatal to the purity and strength of government. But if there be this dark side to the picture it must be admitted that it also has its bright one, which is the irrefutable proof the enormous trading affords that the country is prosperous beyond all precedent. The United States were never so rich as at the present time, and the branches of industry that are not in a flourishing condition are fewer than ever before. As a result, an immense surplus has been accumulated and a large portion of it has been thrown into Wall street with the hope of being increased manifold. In many cases this expectation has undoubtedly been realized, but it must be remembered that in stock exchange battles, as in actual war, there are the vanquished as well as the victorious. Every dollar made there comes out of somebody's pocket.

The history of stock operations in England shows that they had their origin in an abundant prosperity. Toward the close of the 17th century the opportunities for investment of money, except in land, were few and as a consequence it was hoarded in all manner of secret places, drawing no interest, while its safety was a source of constant worry to its owners. There were only a few stock companies, the chief of which was the East India. The stock in these corporations was unequal to the demands for it, and the modern device of "watering" had not yet been invented. Then appeared, to quote one of England's greatest historians, "a crowd of projectors, ingenious and absurd, honest and knavish, who employed themselves in devising new schemes for the employment of redundant capital. It was about the year 1688 that the word stockbroker was first heard in London." He came to stay, not only that, but to increase and multiply and become one of the most potent forces in the realm. The money hidden away in secret vaults and drawers, buried in cellars and stored in attics, soon found its way into the swindling companies formed by these ingenious hunters after other people's cash. All classes of society were seized with the mania to become suddenly rich, and regarded with contempt the slow, old-fashioned methods of thrift, industry and patient accumulation which had characterized all the generations that preceded them. The great bubble of the 18th century burst, and England had its first experience of stockjobbers and speculators. That was about 300 years ago, but the old game is still being played there, here, everywhere within the borders of what is called civilization.

REVOLT IN TAMMANY HALL.

By HON. JAMES O'BRIEN, Leader of the City Democracy.

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The Tammany society is old as the government. It was founded to conserve the rights of the masses and against the classes, and during its early history it nobly did the work for which it was instituted. Tammany, under its present leadership, is an entirely different thing. The great majority of the men that follow it and vote the ticket it puts in the field are as honest and patriotic as any people on earth. They believe in Democratic institutions and want to see them perpetuated. They believe in purity in public life. They are the stern foes of rascality in every form. They are loyal to the principles they profess. They want to keep rogues out of office, and they insist that the offices shall be administered by the best men of the city. I am speaking now of the Tammany voters who have never held office, and who do not want it, because they have sufficiently remunerative commercial and professional businesses of their own to manage and expand. These adherents of the great organization are, I may say, horrified at the revelations that have been made during the past six months with respect to the criminal connection of many of the men whom they have elevated to office with the outlaws and vagabonds of society. They are appalled at the infamy that has been exposed, and have resolved that it shall not go unpunished. They are not only against Tammany, and it accounts for the immense accession of citizens in every election district to the ranks of the city Democracy.

But this is not the only outbreak that the inside Tammany ring has to face at the present time. Within the lines of Tammany itself a tremendous revolt is in process of fermentation. Many of the district leaders are innocent against Richard Croker and the small coterie that share his confidence, together with the more material benefits that Tammany supremacy in the government has brought them. They are not only disappointed, but they are themselves in a most unpleasant position. By their constituents, so to speak, they are suspected of corrupt participation in the profits of the toll that is levied on every form of vice, whereas in reality they are entirely innocent. They are made sharers in the odium of amazing fortunes out of the profits of vice, while less than half a dozen avaricious sycophants of the horse-racing boss gobble up the entire blackmail that is levied upon the violation of the law. As one of them said to me recently, "Croker and his pals are hogging the whole thing."

The aim of the men with whom I am associated is to rescue the Democratic party of the greatest city of the union from the clutches of this gang, who are misusing the enormous powers vested in them for their own emolument. And we will do it. Croker and his clique are not Democrats except in name. They are an organized confederacy of public plunderers, and they will be painted in their true colors before the next mayoralty campaign comes to an end. They are not one whit better than William M. Tweed and the gang that looted New York a generation ago. The honest Democrats of the metropolis on the shores of Vigo bay, in Spain, brought back with the "mippers" on his wrists and landed in jail, where he died. It is not probable that some of the gentlemen who now apparently have everything their own way and are insolently putting Tweed's old question to the people, "What are you going to do about it?" will share Tweed's ignominious fate. New York and Tammany Hall—the honest men in it—have had enough of Crokerism.

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BEAUMONT TODAY

A BEDLAM OF SPECULATION

W 1000 Foot

Beaumont? sez you. Live? Say, it's a dizzy whirl! It's a frenzy; it's a delirium; it's a sort of paroxysmal speculative hysteria. It's swift and dizzy; but say, it's only the opening scene in what appears, just now, likely to become the greatest speculative excitement the world has ever witnessed, and what we see in Beaumont today we are likely to see all over the gulf coast region of Texas and Louisiana by next December—and for a distance of 200 miles back from the coast. This of course can not be unless the whole country participates in the excitement. But it will probably participate—when it comes to understand. But what is it like at Beaumont?—like one of our Colorado mining camps? A little, but swifter—a good deal swifter. It's more like that delightful, dizzy, deadly thing, a ghost dance—of course you have seen a ghost dance? If you don't, don't ask me. The oil fever seems to go to the head faster and worse than a mining excitement. There are a great many Colorado men down here, and of course they are on the make and they are making a good deal; but you can see the rapid change in a long time. They are not here. It's faster and dizzier than any movement they ever saw at home. They look a little dazed but they are keeping up with the procession pretty well. They are keeping in the middle of the road like old wheel horses, while the light-hearted Texans are exorting all over the fields and giving their simple, trusting hearts up to the delirium of the thing like a drove of their own thin, sinewy, long-horn "feeders" let out of the train up in Illinois. There isn't a fence or a barn or a tree that they are not ready to try a jump at and a jump over. You can imagine how many legal fees they have leaped to handle these lands in the reckless, insane, delirious way they are doing. Titles pass here in two minutes that cannot under the laws be gotten into shape in a long time. Of course you can get just as sound a title in Texas as in Massachusetts and get it just as quickly—but you can't get it any quicker. You can't buy a safe land title anywhere just as you would buy a cup of chestnuts at a stand and put them in your pocket and walk on. Yet that is about the way titles are sold here just now. That sort of insanity of course will be over in a few days. The disease is too acute to last long. The legal crop will be large when the harvest is ready. The large lands are largely old, inherited estates entangled among disinterested heirs, incumbered by judgments of long standing and by widows' dower rights and husbands' courtesy rights, and minor children's rights, but and \$25,000 in of \$50,000. Its endowments are in hand and "it is the se this build-entitled deed the state." e past year and by far tem, is to ellection for California college by many of \$33,000. many rare title value usefulness. Other gifts to two paint-crystal Lake, the former J. F. Burns A collection of the W. S. have been frs. Francis of her son. Goddard, B. B. Stone, B. B. Stone. White and are stated the present guarantee titution but it is not demands of number of a greater it also for better ap-ther of res- these also increase in ssity, and stance "all cause of of science, lishment of tions as a vernment."

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BY FIRE

from Crest-butte Butte are of large size. The nadary or-nd in at s arranged as follows: general \$35,000, in-oe, saloon ce \$3,000, and build-Schajner ce \$1,500. The lots in i business tea-the Beau-est, Rock-ell, 12

How Beaumont Looks.

Now you are thinking of Beaumont as a new, mushroom oil town, sprung up overnight, you're way off the line. It isn't anything of the kind. It hasn't any of the appearances of a new oil town or a new mining camp. It isn't a shanty town at all. It is an o... substantial industrial center, with im-awmills and dressing mills for working up the pine lumber floated in rafts down the Neches. Also several large rice mills for dressing the rice raised in flat lands of the county and other counties of southeastern Texas. A rice country is a flat coun-try. The rice has to be flooded while growing. Beaumont was a center of wealth and industry long before oil was thought of. It has many showy and spacious homes and appears to have had a fine

here just now and puts a certain strain upon things. For it isn't every man these days, even in brave and virtuous Texas, who can say positively whether he is married or not. And oh, say! Maybe a fellow isn't lonesome to know whether he is married or not—or, the same thing, whether he is really divorced or not—when land that cost \$500 an acre in December jumps to \$800 an acre by April, and he must make a clear deed or the sale is knocked—maybe he isn't! Yes, when the legal harvest is ripe the crop will be big and profitable. The lawyers can afford to wait. Meanwhile the dizzy, whirling ghost dance goes on—men selling real estate for thousands per acre on titles just wouldn't hold a yellow dog. Nobody will trouble the purchaser of course till he strikes a big well—But then!!! Yes, selling and buying real estate just as fairs sell badges and button-hole photographs around a convention—having it around the streets with survey maps in hand and interesting anyone who will listen. And big sales are made that way, too. The buyers are, of course, as crazy as the sellers. Everybody here is living as if today were the last. Beaumont has not yet—as a new mining camp would—had any building boom. It was a roomy, over-built town and didn't need it till just now—and now some scores or hundreds of little houses and shells for offices are going up—flimsy things to last a few weeks when the frenzy will probably be at an end. Then the town authorities will go to work with teams and scrapers and clean the accumulated filth out of the streets—perhaps. The oil wells are four or five miles south of the town and as quiet as the grave compared with the bedlam at Beaumont—except Sundays, when all the railroads run excursion trains and bring thousands from a distance to see the gushers gush. It is a sight, of course, but it isn't half so much of a sight as the idiots who want to see it and are willing to risk their lives in the dirt and swelter in the heat to behold it. Several of the wells are allowed to gush from five to fifteen minutes on Sundays only, by arrangement with the railroads that run excursions. Beaumont is an important—rather important—railroad center. It is a new town, or owes its existence to oil. It was an old, solid, substantial manufacturing town before oil was ever thought of here. It had two national banks and everything else that scale long ago. It is more like the kind of town that Colorado Springs was forty years back—only, of course, as different as Colorado and Texas. It has long been a wealthy industrial town and the oil has done nothing to improve its appearance but quite the contrary. No doubt the people have—or many of them—made great wealth selling their hitherto cheap lands, but that wealth doesn't show yet. Southern Pacific railroad and a good deal of cotton and lumber is shipped from there to foreign and domestic ports. It has a really magnificent sea air and contains a large and excellent hotel which is not overrun with patronage. It is as quiet and restful as a tomb—a thoroughly unique scene and so fascinating. The sea ran four feet deep through the town during the great Galveston storm last fall. Port Arthur is on Sabine lake at the mouth of the Neches about half way between Beaumont and Galveston. The government has built a ship canal from Sabine harbor up to Port Arthur and it has a railroad direct to Kansas City—the Port Arthur route. It is an important shipping port for cotton and lumber and is becoming a favorite resort. It is a pleasant place, and the boating and fishing are attractive. The lake though extensive is only six feet deep and receives the Sabine river, which divides Louisiana and Texas, as well as the Neches and other streams. The town is only a few feet above the gulf, 20 miles distant, but it is safe from inundations and the air is about the same. Most of our Colorado people are stopping at Port Arthur during the oil fever and run up and down every day. Governor Adams and his wife are there at the head of the band. The governor puts in his time fishing for tarpon and Mrs. Adams naps on a hammock and keeps them straight. They are all having a pleasant time—and Port Arthur is a delightful place—but Sabine Pass for me every day in the week. The limitless desolation of the scene and the genuine excellence of the hotel where you are not crowded and where you get your money's worth for your money. Ed. S. Kelley, the broker-journalist of Colorado Springs, is there with his wife and baby—and poor Kelley has been very sick there with malarial fever, but not really in danger, we think.

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The Oil Field.

The Beaumont natural oil is a very substantial bonanza. It is a fuel oil with a sulphur basis—whatever that means, but don't ask me to tell. This much, however—it appears to be a petroleum that has lain long in more or less intimate connection with beds of sulphur. All this gulf-coast country, and especially over in Louisiana, has long been known as underlaid with strata of almost pure sulphur. If you are an idiot enough to ask me where the sulphur came from to form those deep beds, I answer that God put it there. This is just as satisfactory, probably, as any geological explanation that can, at present, be given. I do also put the petroleum there, close to the sulphur, or immediately with it, and that accounts for the "sulphur basis" which this Beaumont oil contains—at least, if it doesn't, you may account for it in some other way, if you can. You should not waste a moment of your valuable time wondering at the excitement this Texas oil discovery has created. To me the real wonder is that it has, as yet, created so little. It is a great excitement, to be sure, but it is not yet so great as the Klondike gold excitement. It is only a beginning of course—there are no data yet on which to base a judgment—but I feel quite safe in guessing that the Texas oil means about a million times as much to humanity as the Klondike gold. There is reason to suppose that the field is very extended, and that future developments are going to prove as wonderfully productive as those of last winter. If this supposition be realized, the discovery is going to be of incalculable value—of a value so great that all the gold produced in all the world in the last hundred years about as much as the Texas oil is a mere bagatelle by comparison. That's what I think of the Texas oil discovery—as a probability. The excitement hasn't really begun yet, and will not begin, probably, before fall, when a great number of new wells scattered over a wide area—about as large as the state of Pennsylvania—will be coming in. If these line up fairly well with the wells at Beaumont, there will then be—at least there should be—the greatest excitement and speculation the world has ever seen. The world has never yet witnessed so great a value disclosed in so brief a time and at so small an outlay. The value of the Texas oil should, beginning with next January, exceed from that time forward, the value of all the gold annually produced in the world—provided the field, as development is extended, shows up anything

Beaumont—Where Is It and What Is It Like?

Beaumont is the county seat of Jefferson county. Jefferson county is the southeastern county of Texas, and the Sabine river and lake separate it from Louisiana. The whole of this region is, to the eye, as flat as a house floor. That is, on the long sweep of the vision. On near inspection it is hummocky and uneven. You hear of Spindle-top Heights where the great gushers have been struck and you have got the impression that it is a mountain—perhaps a low mountain, but still a mountain. Well, Spindle-top Heights is exactly one-eighths of an inch higher than the surrounding country. Some of the hills took advantage of the circumstance years ago to plant a "sitty" on the spot and called it Gladys City. But nobody would buy the lots—nobody in Texas wanted to live at a place where the water was so high. It is as flat as a board and that is why it didn't. There isn't—and never was—a tree between Beaumont and the gulf coast, 40 miles south. Oil will flow down to the coast, but the flow is so slowly that it is not worth the trouble of pumping it. It is a wide, flat, treeless plain, but well grassed and supports large herds. Toward the south it is cut by freshwater back-sets (called bayous) and by tidal lagoons, and is grandly bleak and desolate. Along the streams there are dense lines of trees that divide the scenery off into distinct compartments. It is strikingly picturesque in a lonesome and forlorn and desolate way. Sabine Pass is a channel from Sabine lake to the gulf. The city and harbor of Sabine Pass are there. The ground is a few inches above the level of the gulf. The "city" contains about 127 people who live by selling oysters and crabs to each other. Port Arthur is on Sabine lake at the

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The Oil Fever.

It's a delirium! It's frenzy! It's a ghost dance—a deadly ghost dance. One month more of this Beaumont insanity will produce yellow fever. The town is unprepared to take care of the insane crowds that rush here, and all become exposed to conditions that must soon breed an epidemic. It will probably begin with some form of endemic (bowels) fever. The water is deadly. It is backed from the forested swamps up the country and looks and tastes like barn-yard juice. Yet nobody filters it; nobody boils it. The natives do not, and transients who realize its deadly character cannot, of course. They would know if they intended to stay. But most of them don't intend to stay. Most of those who come intend to stay but a few days. But others come as fast as they can, and the crowd conditions—grows larger, and more suffocating and sweltering every day—and more dangerous. A frenzied whirl of the situation is beyond description—and it is increasing. There is great money here, no doubt; but there is great danger of a sudden epidemic. The railroads—as railroads always do—increased the danger by bringing

at Colorado Springs—as curiosities and under protection. The magnolia thrives here but only a few are seen. Like most southern towns, it presents an unpleasant mixture of social extremes in close contact—of beautiful homes embowered in fragrant rose gardens next door to the most neglected habitations abandoned to squalor and shiftlessness and poverty. The water for the town comes from the forested swamps up the river and looks and tastes like barnyard juice. Yet no filters are used and nobody thinks of boiling or distilling it before drinking. Perhaps it is not really as unwholesome as it looks and tastes, but it is so unpleasant that the people save their rain water in above-ground tanks to drink. These tanks are exposed to the sun and the sun has everyone knows—been a breeder of polywogs from wayback. How the polywogs can live in such horrible water and be happy beats me, for it tastes of the smoke and creosote of the roofs and is too horrible—but the polywogs are used and happy in it and disport themselves in your dirtying glass with many a lamb-like twirl of their innocent little tails. Some people too lazy or too reckless of health to boil and filter this water would yet strain it before drinking, but at the restaurants here they don't—they think they know their business, too. This wealthy and really energetic town is as filthy as a new mountain mining camp. In a mountain mining camp such filth would be unpleasant but it would not endanger health. Here it becomes an imminent menace to health. These Texans are clever people—they are bright, energetic and seem to want to live. And yet they drink such water without distilling, filtering, boiling or even straining!

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The Oil Field.

The Beaumont natural oil is a very substantial bonanza. It is a fuel oil with a sulphur basis—whatever that means, but don't ask me to tell. This much, however—it appears to be a petroleum that has lain long in more or less intimate connection with beds of sulphur. All this gulf-coast country, and especially over in Louisiana, has long been known as underlaid with strata of almost pure sulphur. If you are an idiot enough to ask me where the sulphur came from to form those deep beds, I answer that God put it there. This is just as satisfactory, probably, as any geological explanation that can, at present, be given. I do also put the petroleum there, close to the sulphur, or immediately with it, and that accounts for the "sulphur basis" which this Beaumont oil contains—at least, if it doesn't, you may account for it in some other way, if you can. You should not waste a moment of your valuable time wondering at the excitement this Texas oil discovery has created. To me the real wonder is that it has, as yet, created so little. It is a great excitement, to be sure, but it is not yet so great as the Klondike gold excitement. It is only a beginning of course—there are no data yet on which to base a judgment—but I feel quite safe in guessing that the Texas oil means about a million times as much to humanity as the Klondike gold. There is reason to suppose that the field is very extended, and that future developments are going to prove as wonderfully productive as those of last winter. If this supposition be realized, the discovery is going to be of incalculable value—of a value so great that all the gold produced in all the world in the last hundred years about as much as the Texas oil is a mere bagatelle by comparison. That's what I think of the Texas oil discovery—as a probability. The excitement hasn't really begun yet, and will not begin, probably, before fall, when a great number of new wells scattered over a wide area—about as large as the state of Pennsylvania—will be coming in. If these line up fairly well with the wells at Beaumont, there will then be—at least there should be—the greatest excitement and speculation the world has ever seen. The world has never yet witnessed so great a value disclosed in so brief a time and at so small an outlay. The value of the Texas oil should, beginning with next January, exceed from that time forward, the value of all the gold annually produced in the world—provided the field, as development is extended, shows up anything

like as well as the field here at Beaumont. The gold output of the world this year will be \$350,000,000. That sum is equal to 35,000,000,000 cents, or to 35,000,000,000 gallons of fuel oil at a cent a gallon, which is near the present value of this oil. Its value is not likely to decrease, except temporarily. Unless manipulated it is more likely to increase in price, as its use extends. Now, it would take about 200 wells like the famous Lucas gusher to produce that much oil—35,000,000,000 gallons—in a year. Present experience does not justify the expectation that 200 wells equal to the Lucas are going to be tapped this year in Texas. I shall be surprised if more than a dozen. But almost certainly there will be somewhere between 10,000 and 20,000 wells sunk this year in Texas and Louisiana, and it is quite reasonable to expect that the aggregate output of the whole will next year reach 35,000,000,000 gallons. This wealth will be the cheapest wealth ever produced. It will have the widest margin of clear profit. Ninety per cent. of it will, on the average, be clear gain. Now, I do not pretend that I can prove a word of all this, or that anybody can. It is mere conjecture. But it is rational conjecture. It isn't a baseless fabric of the imagination. It is partly an established fact. All I do to extend the established fact over fields where the fact has not yet been established, but where it seems likely soon to be. I shall miss my guess if Louisiana does not prove to be the center of the fuel oil region—southwestern Louisiana. Everything now is congested at Beaumont. Ignorant frenzy, in all probability. There is no present reason to suppose the productive field is less than 40,000 square miles in extent. Of course, it will not be all equally productive, nor all produce the same character of oil. No large field does. Some parts of it will produce oils fuel oil with the "sulphur basis"; others illuminating oil; and still others the lubricating oil. The day of surprises in oil is past, and so I shall not be astonished to learn that some parts of the field are, by next year, producing a superior quality of cottonseed oil and that, too, very close to the surface—and may thank the Lord if they do not even find castor oil. Only think what burden and a weariness life will be to the children of future generations with castor oil at one cent a gallon!

the oil does not flow there by gravity but is forced down by a great station of forcing pumps. That will give you an idea of how near to a dead level the country is. If you go to a thin pancake on a kitchen floor and call the kitchen floor Jefferson county and the pancake Spindle Top Heights you will get a correct idea of the Beaumont oil field. Jefferson county is in the extreme southeast of Texas and lines on Louisiana, being separated from it by the Sabine river and Sabine lake, which is a long, shallow lagoon, really the estuary of Sabine river. The scenery has charms of a lonesome, wind-swept, desolate sort, but very real and, to me, very impressive. The city of Beaumont is an important railroad center. The oil has done nothing so far to change the appearance of the city—except to turn it into a temporary pandemonium of speculation. But that will all pass in a few weeks. The soil of the country is a heavy clay, hard to cultivate but very rich—the old sea bottom. The lumber is the same as the Georgia and Florida pine—very excellent and very cheap. There is no Gladys City except on the map flat. There is no shanty town down at the oil wells—only a few tents. Beaumont has much of the energetic character of a northern industrial town. The business center is substantially built. It had two national banks, four big mills and three or four immense lumber mills before oil was struck. The climate is a haggard nightmare of heat and chills that would undermine the health of a cast iron dog. Oranges and bananas can be grown here about as peaches can be grown

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EL PASO COUNTY TOWNS

MONUMENT

As a result of the meeting of the town board on the evening of May 7, the streets and ditches are being cleaned and the rubbish and tin cans have been removed to the dumping ground south of town and the appearance of the town has been much improved.

Mr. G. F. Machen, of Grover, Mo., has been visiting the family of Mr. J. McInerney.

Mr. Campbell, who has been night operator at the Santa Fe office, has been transferred to the Palmer Lake office.

Mr. J. A. Tracy is on night operator at Monument.

J. P. Riggs has moved his entire family and effects to the Loney ranch.

Dr. Rupp is enlarging his barn.

Mr. Dolan has moved back to the ranch near Spring Valley to put in the crop.

Mrs. Tom Lambert, of Spring Valley, has had a painful accident on Wednesday the 6th instant.

She was getting into the buggy, which caused her to fall and break her ankle. Dr. Bellou was called to see the broken bone.

County Commissioner Greenway was in town on Saturday to inspect the improvements just completed on the county fairgrounds. The work was pronounced satisfactory. It is estimated that the work will cost the county \$800.

Mrs. David Gwillim is the guest of Mrs. Will Gailley.

Mrs. Curry and the children have arrived and are staying at Dr. Rupp's.

Mrs. Boyle, Mrs. Rupp, Mrs. Maggie Curtis, Mrs. Turner and daughter, Mrs. Killian and Kate Higley attended the state Sunday school convention held in the First Presbyterian church, Colorado Springs, the 7th to 9th instant.

Mrs. Boyle was the delegate representing the Monument school.

An elegant luncheon was served at the Christian church by the ladies of all denominations represented in the city.

Mrs. Dr. McInerney is visiting at the home of her parents in Colorado Springs.

The new cemetery is to be opened next Monday. Everybody is invited to call and inspect it.

A large delegation consisting of Mr. and Miss Hills, Miss Jessie McConnell, Mrs. Thompson and others, drove from Table Rock to attend the Sunday school convention at Colorado Springs.

Mrs. Kistler and Miss Wells, of Denver, will each build a new cottage at Glen Park.

Programmes are out for the Chautauque season at Glen Park. They may be found at the postoffice.

Mr. Curry's family will occupy the cottage owned by Mrs. Annie Allis, and just vacated by Mr. Bean.

Mrs. Minnie Fring and the twins have been visiting at the Walker ranch.

Mr. Joseph Parrish is in town looking after repairs on his residence. He is boarding with the family of Mr. Carnahan.

Professor Jones has returned from his trip to Ojo Caliente, Mexico.

Mr. Garret, of Denver, has been visiting at the Gule ranch.

State Judge, in visiting a lawn and trees. A miner's force pump is used to water the lawn and trees.

Miss Lewis, of Timbath, who has been visiting at the Curtis ranch and Miss Bessie Curtis have gone to Fort Collins on a visit.

Will Roberts is in town.

Mrs. Barrow has returned from Denver.

Mrs. Brazelton, of Denver, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Higby.

Mr. and Mrs. Watts have returned from Elbert.

Mr. and Mrs. Watts, of Elbert, are visiting their son, who is one of the proprietors of the Elbert Hotel.

Mr. Charles Allis and his brother, Alfred Allis, attended service at the church on Sabbath morning.

The farmers are taking advantage of the fine weather to put in their grain.

Preaching service at Table Rock on next Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock. Services at Monument on Monday.

Sabbath school at 10 o'clock. Everybody welcome.

FALCON

Mr. T. S. Barnett, the Colorado and Southern agent at this place, left Thursday for Idaho Springs, where he fills the same position. Mrs. Barnett and the rest of the family will follow in a few days. They will be greatly missed by their many friends in this community, who wish them good luck on their new venture.

Mr. McGinnis of Denver has taken the position of agent at the Colorado and Southern. He is welcomed to the town and it is hoped he will remain here permanently.

Rev. Bell of Eastonville preached a very interesting sermon at the school-house Sunday evening. He went to Colorado Springs on Monday.

Mrs. A. Stewart and little daughter Jessie were shopping in Colorado Springs Wednesday.

Mr. George Bixler, son in law of Mrs. Marguerite Barnett, who has been visiting here for some time, returns to his home in Eldorado, Ill., Tuesday. His wife will remain here until the Barnett family move.

Dr. F. M. D. Hill and family moved to their ranch south of town Monday. Judge McClelland of Colorado Springs has purchased a new home.

Mr. J. G. Butler and son Edmund, Mr. Foster Morris and Mr. J. H. Shemwell were transacting business in the county seat Saturday day with Mrs. Postmaster Robinson was unable to be at the postoffice a couple of days last week owing to sickness, but is able to

NEWS NOTES

FROM PUEBLO

seen strolling around the streets enjoying our beautiful scene. Doubtless he wished he were living here again.

Mr. Joe Fishback gave us a short call Sunday morning. He was on his way to the ball game at Woodland Park.

Durbin, who has moved into the old Sharrock building.

Mr. S. O. Roberts of Denver, was here looking for a cottage last week.

Mr. H. S. Kennedy has moved his family out to Cheyenne canon, Colorado Springs.

Master Harold Shoup and his sister, Reba, spent Sunday with their grandmother.

Mr. W. R. Shoup gave us a call last Sunday.

School closed last Friday and the parents of the children, Miss Howard, their teacher, enjoyed a picnic dinner near the Whitlock cottage.

Mr. E. E. Brown has stopped working his mill and is now in the city.

Mr. Brown has bought the lumber of the old planing mill and is clearing it up. We shall be glad to see it disappear.

Mr. Frank Fishback and Mr. Ralph Leand, Miss Ora Shoup and Etta McInerney, of Colorado Springs, with Mrs. Shoup and Miss Maud Howard, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fishback last Sabbath. They had a lovely ride home in the rain.

Miss Hazel Porter of Manitou, spent Sunday with Miss Howard.

Miss Hazel Howard was at home Saturday and Sunday.

Spring is almost full-blown, plows running and grain is being sown everywhere.

The editor of the World turned the river through his office last week and did some house cleaning.

School will close this Saturday evening, May 19, there will be a declamation contest between the pupils, for a gold medal.

Mr. Ten Eyck and her daughter, Carrie, are visiting in the Springs this week.

Mrs. Hardy is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Myers.

Mr. J. G. Bell of Calhan attended church at Seaton last Sunday.

Rev. G. W. Bell made a trip to Denver this week.

Mr. R. E. Reddick and Miss Scipington are employed for next winter's term of school.

Mrs. R. Ayer is talking of spending the summer in New York.

Mr. Thomas Shockey has moved his household goods to the Stephen Holden ranch.

Mr. D. F. Petefish was elected president of the school board and T. A. Kelly secretary.

The Bijou Basin cheese factory has paid up for last month's milk. Twenty-two cents was given for butter fat.

The ranchmen were quite satisfied with the test.

The general agent for the Colorado Mutual Insurance company was in the Basin on Friday making preparations to insure crops against hail.

J. E. Williams, who went to the southwestern part of Colorado to look up a location for a cattle ranch has returned and thinks there is no place like Table Rock.

Mr. R. H. Tilton, of the Presbyterian parsonage in Eastonville by Rev. G. W. Bull, Mr. Charles Wade of Calhan and Miss Ida O. Taylor of Peyton, they are now at home to their friends on the Griffin ranch.

J. L. Van Horn has moved his family to Colorado Springs while he is working there as a carpenter.

Mr. George Rex Buchanan of Colorado Springs was visiting her mother, Mrs. Wolfe last week.

Mr. Sparkman, editor of the Calhan News was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. Dickinson over Saturday.

Orville Baker of Ottawa, Kan., is visiting his uncle.

Mr. B. A. Banta of Bijou Basin was transacting business in Peyton last Thursday.

Mr. Wiley Mow was transacting business in Colorado Springs on Saturday and Monday.

Mr. J. P. Lullane, an attorney of Colorado Springs was visiting Hon. Pardon Sayles Wednesday and Thursday.

The Russell Gates Mercantile company paid the following prices for farm produce last month: Wheat, 1st per hundred, 90 cents; corn, 95 cents per hundred; oats, 1.05 per hundred; potatoes, 30 cents; sweet corn, 1.00 per bushel; 15 cents per pound; eggs, 12 cents per dozen.

MARRIED.—Abram Weeks of Eastonville, Colo., to Nellie Adams of Elbert, Kan., at the residence of J. C. Zimmerman, justice of the peace, on May 7.

Miss Ida Aderhold gave a birthday dinner to her little friends, about fifteen in number.

The school elections passed off very quietly in this part of the county, district 23. Peyton, W. Aderhold, president and J. W. Dickinson secretary, and in district 55, Burke Patterson was elected secretary.

James J. Eubank, general manager of the Russell Gates Mercantile company was transacting business in Peyton, Monday.

We are having daily rains and thunder showers, which bring the grass and flowers out in abundance. It also will remain here until the Barnett family move.

Mrs. Garland spent a few days here having her cottage put in condition to receive this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Bains were up looking after their cottage.

Mrs. Tyler and children from Woodland Park spent the day with Mrs. Geo. Tyler last week.

Mr. J. Porter of Manitou, a former resident of Green Mountain Falls, was

ALL MEN ARE LIARS

(Continued from Page 1.)

said it was her jealousy that brought about this trial, and that when she said "He ought not to have quit me," she told the story complete.

Mr. Goudy then summed up the evidence on both sides as it appeared to him, held up the witnesses before the jury, picturing how they had sworn directly opposite to each other, picturing the respectability of the witnesses for the defendant and the acknowledge class of witnesses for the plaintiffs, and closed by saying:

"I tell you, gentlemen of the jury, that the hell of perjury in this case is on the side of the plaintiffs and that the heaven of truth is on the side of the defendant."

Mr. Goudy then attacked Mr. Sleeper and said that Sleeper was guilty of confounding a felony because Sleeper made arrangements to go to Wyoming and take Allen's confessed testimony with regard to a crime and Sleeper did not make arrangements with the civil authorities to have Allen arrested. Goudy viciously attacked Kid Allen's deposition and read it practically again to the jury. While reading it he came to the words "nolle pros." He threw the deposition down and stood as if in holy horror before the jury.

The jury, gentlemen of the jury, could ever think of the word "nolle pros." or know what it means? What lawyer has written this deposition and forced it in here as coming from Kid Allen's own lips?

In the deposition Kid Allen testified that he was not a member of the Miners' union. Mr. Goudy dwelt on this point for a long time, contending that if Allen was not a member of the union why need the Miners' union shield him, as the plaintiffs had been trying to make out that they did. Goudy contended that there was not any feeling against the miners at Colorado Springs during the trial. He then paid a high tribute to Senator Patterson's ability in finding evidence and conducting a trial and after referring to the fact that Patterson was Nick Tully's lawyer during his trial, Mr. Goudy said: "If Kid Allen was not a member of the Miners' union and Nick Tully had such a man as Senator Patterson working for him why did not some of the members of the Miners' union come down there and tell Patterson who blew up the mine? If Kid Allen blew up that mine Patterson would have found it out during that trial."

Mr. Goudy then began an individual summing up of the evidence of both sides. He made the most bitter attack against Ferguson who swore that Strong loaned him \$15 with which to bury his child, and that he turned around and for the mere hiring of a position in Giddings' mine testified against the man who had defended him.

Mr. Goudy referred to Sherman Bell as "the great and gallant Bell, who when the time for action came, hid his gun under a bed." Mr. Goudy reviewed the incidents connected with Strong's action on the day of the trial and stated that Strong was excitedly excited. Mr. Goudy sarcastically referred to the testimony of the effect that he (Strong) was perfectly calm, even though his mine had been destroyed and that he could remember everything Strong had said. Mr. Goudy paid the highest tribute of the day to witness Martin, and showed by the evidence that Martin had not testified that he saw the mine blown up from the Independence barn, but from a point on top of the ridge between the shaft house and barn. Mr. Goudy severely scored Mr. Sleeper for saying that Martin had testified falsely.

Mr. Goudy will complete his argument in the morning.

The least in quantity and most in quality describes DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous pills for constipation, and liver complaints. Hedley-Arcule and C. E. Smith, 117 So. Tejon street.

MRS. CARRIE NATION WAS CONVICTED

Topeka, Kas., May 14.—The jury in the case of Mrs. Carrie Nation, charged with the murder of a man, returned a verdict of guilty. The trial was before the district court and sentence will be pronounced tomorrow. It is believed that Nation will be released on the payment of a fine and costs.

The trial of the case began yesterday morning at 10 o'clock. Nation was made no effort to deny the truth of the accusation; an effort was made, however, to prove that Mrs. Nation was insane at the time of the trial. The jury was out about an hour and a verdict is a general surprise as it was generally expected that the jury would hang or bring in an acquittal.

Mrs. Nation was convicted for breaking into Edward Murphy's joint one Sunday morning last February.

\$19.00 Kansas City and Return, June 9 and 10.

Gentlemen desires board on ranch, with use of horses within fifteen miles of city. Address, stating location and terms, Address M. 67, Gazette.

BOARD WANTED

Gentlemen desires board on ranch, with use of horses within fifteen miles of city. Address, stating location and terms, Address M. 67, Gazette.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land office at Pueblo, Colorado, May 7, 1901.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim to said land, viz: James O. Phillips, Henry Jameson, John Haxter and Joseph H. H. Blount, of Colorado Springs, Colo., on June 12, 1901.

The undersigned, having been appointed administrator of the estate of Charles Clifford, late of the county of El Paso, Colorado, deceased, hereby gives notice that she will receive claims against said estate at the court house in Colorado Springs at the May term, on the 15th day of May, A. D. 1901.

Notices of the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Adam F. Brown and Chester C. Hughes, of Colorado Springs, Colo., on June 12, 1901.

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THE STRIKE IN ALBANY

Traction Company Attempted to Run Cars With Non-Union Men.

SERIOUS RIOTING RESULTED

Civil Authorities Were Unable to Quell the Disturbance and Militia Has Been Called Out.

Albany, N. Y., May 14.—A thousand national guardsmen and a hundred mounted men will occupy Albany streets tomorrow and attempt to force a riotous crowd to let the cars of the United States Traction company run with non-union men. The Twenty-third regiment of Brooklyn, the Tenth battalion of Albany and the Third signal corps will make up the complement of men. They will be reinforced by 200 special deputies, 300 policemen and over 100 Pinkerton detectives.

It is feared that the bloodshed and riotous scenes of today will be repeated with much greater fatality. The results of today are:

One man dying, fully 20 or 30 injured, 80 men out of 150 brought here by the company induced to desert, the trolley wires cut, cars demolished and the police almost powerless to control the thousands of men patrolling the streets. The company, however, insists that it will run its cars with protection, and it is said late tonight that 300 non-union men are in a train near the city waiting for the troops to make their entry safe. Eight men have been arrested for rioting, two only of whom were strikers.

At midnight three companies of the Tenth battalion took their stations at three important points.

Albany, N. Y., May 14.—When darkness fell this evening several thousand weary street car strikers and sympathizers went to their homes, but they were recalled here massed upon the cars took up the vigil to prevent the United Traction men from running their electric cars with non-union men.

The darkness brought some confidence that there would be no attempt before morning to move cars, for two days of broad daylight had brought bloodshed and confusion. A large scale that the local police, aided by scores of deputies and Pinkerton men, had been unable to quell the disturbance. One man lies in a hospital

The company attempted to run in the gutter of a street not two blocks from the car house wrecked and the car was thrown into the air and landed practically crippling the road. Near the car houses are thousands of men, women and children brought up to a point of frenzy; that bodies of men, women of the car house open to let out another car. Inside the car house, afraid

dows are about 75 non-union men whom the company expects to use in running the curs. Early this morning there were 60 men at work. At 9 o'clock on Oct. 1 fall 65 had deserted and joined the ranks of the strikers.

The strikers were arrested here under a misapprehension and they supposed that they were going to Philadelphia. This afternoon the police released them from the brickyard.

powerless to cope with the large crowds on the streets if cars were run, and General Manager McNamara immediately called upon General Oliver, in command of the Third brigade for protection. He said:

General Oliver issued an order assembling at their armory tonight the Tenth battalion of Albany comprising ten companies of the national guard.

The riot today was full of exciting features. At 10 o'clock two of the big

car doors swing open and out darted a
closed car, with all the windows opened.
Immediately there was a roar of hisses, min
and shouts. Several men made an ef
fort to board the car, but they were
kept from doing so by the policemen,
each of whom was armed with a baton, each

one by which was stationed on each car step. The car made rapid headway, but must confess the expectation never realized what had happened it was well on its way over Quall street. It continued to the union station, and returned, followed most of the way by bicyclists and people in vehicles. The second car did not escape. When the

doors were opened the mob surged toward it despite the efforts of the police. The crew consisted of four men dressed in plain clothes. As the car swung around the curve there was a rush for it, but the crowd was driven back. The

"Do you want to come with us boys? You won't regret it."

There was no response from any of the men. The molterman, with his smile gone, waved them aside and the car

MACHINISTS IN CHICAGO

ACCEPTED COMPROMISE

reached an agreement. It was a compromise, the men securing a nine-hour day while making concession in wages, pay, over-time and apprentice regulations. Business Agent Roderick said

RAG TIME DENOUNCED.
Denver, May 14.—The American Federation of Musicians, now in convention here, has adopted resolutions condemning the proposed new agreement between the city and the musicians' union.

hours. In reforming maximums abandoned their general over-time demand. This was for time and a half up to six hours over-time, after which double time was to be paid. Double time was demanded also for holidays and Sundays. Under the new agreement there

It was decided to hold the next annual meeting at Buffalo, N. Y. The date will be fixed by the executive board.

10. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 273:1221-1226, 1995

FACE TO FACE WITH FACTS!

Most All the Pains and Aches of Kidney Ills Start With

FACTS.

A lame back is a bad back.
A weak back is a bad back.
An aching back is bad back.
A bad back comes from sick kidneys.
Sick kidneys cause backache.
Backache is the first step;
The first ache of Kidney Ills.
Urinary troubles next.
Disturb your night's rest,
Annoy you all day.
Dangerous Diabetes comes
Then Bright's disease,
The end is near then.

A BAD BACK

Every case of Backache, Diabetes or any kidney ill can be cured by

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

No other kidney remedy has ever received such emphatic endorsement. Read the testimony of

MORE FACTS.

Don't pay to experiment,
Kidney trouble is too serious,
Delays are dangerous.
Experiment means delay.
Take a remedy that's endorsed;
But get good endorsement.
A stranger's word isn't sufficient,
Hard to prove testimony from a distance.
Take the word of people you know,
Take the testimony of friends and neighbors
Easy to prove such evidence,
Ask them about it,
Local testimony is the best proof.

COLORADO SPRINGS PEOPLE

North Oak St.

Mr. C. C. Chamberlain, carpenter, of 14 North Oak street, says: "Derangement of the stomach accompanied by indigestion and constipation affected my kidneys, causing backache and a weakness across the loins. When the attacks were most acute considerable bloating of the body existed and it struck me after reading an account in our Colorado Springs papers about Doan's Kidney Pills that they might help me if I took a course of the treatment. I procured a box at Smith-Wilson Drug Co.'s drug store, and from the results obtained from its use I have no hesitation in endorsing the claims made for that preparation."

Cascade Ave.

Mr. H. C. Hughes, corner of Cascade and Vermijo street, says: "Doan's Kidney Pills helped me amazingly and I know they are a reliable remedy for the kidneys. I caught a cold, which settled in the small of my back and in the kidneys and caused me so much pain I was quite miserable. Reading an advertisement in our paper about Doan's Kidney Pills I sent my son to Jones & Wellington's drug store for a box. The treatment relieved me almost at once and up to date there has been no recurrence of the symptoms."

North Pitkin St.

Mrs. E. P. Kennedy, of 118 North Pitkin street, says: "If everyone in Colorado Springs who suffers from kidney complaint, backache or any of the consequences which accompany that far too prevalent annoyance, receives as much benefit from the treatment prescribed by Doan's Kidney Pills as I, they will not only recommend them to the public but they will advise everyone they meet to call at the Smith-Wilson Drug Co.'s store, 31 Tejon street, buy a box, take it according to directions and they will be surprised at the results."

North Walnut St.

Mrs. S. Hodge of 238 N. Walnut street, says: "If the first box of Doan's Kidney Pills procured at Jones & Wellington's drug store had not relieved rheumatic pain and backache I could not have been induced to continue the treatment, neither would I recommend through our Colorado Springs newspapers the means I employed to bring me relief. Doan's Kidney Pills act as represented."

East Platte Ave.

Mrs. C. Anderson of 513 East Platte avenue, says: "For four or five years I had attacks of backache until they extended over the hips to the back of the neck and were accompanied by dizzy spells and blurred vision. I knew what caused the trouble, but how to check it was a mystery. Doan's Kidney Pills came to my notice and I procured a box at Smith-Wilson Drug Co.'s drug store, 31 North Tejon street. Now I do not wish it understood that I am cured, for trouble of as long standing as mine resists ordinary efforts to dislodge it, but one thing I can conscientiously say: Doan's Kidney Pills gave me incalculable benefit."

North Weber St.

Mr. David DeGraff, of 515 North Weber street, says: "If I did not find that Doan's Kidney Pills keep kidney complaint in check, if they had not helped me from the first dose I took, I never would have bought some half dozen boxes at the Smith-Wilson Drug Co.'s drug store, 31 North Tejon street; neither would I have given two boxes to a friend of mine interested in mining property, nor could I be induced to recommend the preparation."

W. Costilla St.

Mr. F. J. Webber, of 119 W. Costilla street, gives the experience of a boy of eight years of age. He says: "I was not in a position to watch him very closely but from what his mother and aunt who look after him tell me, Doan's Kidney Pills have done him a great amount of good. For three or four years he had symptoms of kidney trouble; complained of his back hurting him and was troubled with urinary weakness. Doan's Kidney Pills have checked this and he does not complain of his back any longer. My wife saw the pills advertised and got a box at Smith-Wilson Drug Co.'s store. If my statement of this case will be of any use to you, I am pleased to give it."

AN EMPIRE TO DEVELOP

"A soldier's life is good enough for me, and I am going back to the army just as soon as the enlistment papers can be made out," so spoke Lieutenant C. R. Morison last night at the Alta Vista. Lieutenant Morison is on his way from the Philippines to his home in Baltimore, and from there he will proceed to Annapolis to take the regular military examination for enlistment as a commissioned officer. He joined the 32d volunteer regiment in August, 1899, and has been in the Philippines ever since.

"I never saw a jollier, happier and finer looking lot of men than the American soldiers in the Philippines," he continued enthusiastically. "Campaigning is fun there. The men don't begin to suffer the discomforts that our army did during the civil war. We are all housed in fine substantial quarters, not in tents, but in comfortable houses. A soldier does not suffer so much from the heat as from cold, and the hot season is very short—from March until June. From June to November is the rainy season, and campaigning is then impossible. After November, the weather is delightful.

"Just as soon as the natives really get to know us, they will begin to realize how lucky they are that Americans came to the islands. An invading army is always unpopular. An industrial capture of the islands will subvert them finally. As an illustration, let me tell you that any man who will erect a sawmill there, no matter what his nationality may be, would be considered a public benefactor. There isn't a sawmill on the island. All the boards are made by hand, and it takes a man an entire day to cut a single piece of timber. The forests abound in an almost inexhaustible supply of the finest hardwood to be found anywhere in the world. Such beautiful wood is not to be found elsewhere.

"There are forest tracts of thousands and thousands of acres, and the tropical growth is so rapid that the supply of wood will never be exhausted. Trees attain a gigantic growth in a few years—say eight to ten. One can easily see what the possibilities of this undeveloped resource might become under proper conditions. It is just the same with all other products of the country. The natives get along with just as little as they possibly can. Many of them depend on the wild vegetation—or I might say, the spontaneous growth of fruits that were once cultivated and are now a volunteer product. They make precious little attempt at cultivation. If they can get along without working, they are not apt to exert themselves to get any more than they absolutely need.

"In the mountainous country, the mines have never been touched. Many American prospectors have examined the mines, but no actual developments have yet been made on account of the uncertainties of land titles. The government owns nearly all this land, and the church owns a great deal. Under existing conditions, no man cares to hazard his money on land for which a clear title cannot be obtained. But all this will change soon, and when it does the islands will experience wonderful prosperity. It will come soon, too, for the war is practically over.

"Like all military officers, Lieutenant Morison very tactfully declined to express any opinion on the war, further than that it was a healthy place for the brimful of enthusiasm for the army and thinks the islands just as good as any place on earth, next to the states. If any one had any doubts as to the salubrity of the islands as a place of residence, a glance at Lieutenant Morison would convince them that there was no place more healthy than where. His six feet of brawn and muscle present an ideal picture of health and energy.

"Such beautiful wood is accompanied by his mother, Mrs. C. N. Morison, and his sisters, who went to California to meet him.

TRANSVAAL JOURNALISM

From remote and distant South Africa, a daily newspaper, the Durban Natal Mercury, has reached this city. Although the paper is of date March 28, it is yet full of news to the average American. The paper was sent by Dr. A. J. Savage of this city, who went to South Africa about one year ago with a large consignment of horses. Dr. Savage sailed for this country April 13.

In the first place, the general make-up of the paper is a striking contrast to any American sheet. The first four pages are taken up entirely by advertisements. The first bit of straight news is a large column and a half of editorials and then follows four columns of sporting items. There is just half a column of short cable news, and about twice as much telegraphic news. About two columns of general local news complete the reading matter in a large eight-column ten-page paper.

The advertisements of the Imperial government take up fully one-fourth of the paper. For instance, the call for men to enter the army is made through regular paid ads. One of these advertisements calls for recruits to enter the bicycle corps. The subject-matter of these advertisements is printed in extra large type, double column or larger. The bicycle corps accompanies the columns operating in Cape Colony. The pay is one shilling per day, if the government furnishes the wheels, in which case the wheels become the property of the men. If the wheels are not furnished, the pay is 7 shillings per day, if the government furnishes the wheels, or about \$1.70 per day. Recruits are also advertised for enlistment in Steinkopfs horse, a troop of cavalrymen in the town of Steinkopfs. The pay is stated as 8 shillings on enlistment, with an increase of 1 shilling after six months and another increase of 1 shilling after a year's service. Everything, horse, kit and accoutrements is furnished by the government, and remains government property. Rations are more liberal than the usual government ration. Seventy-five per cent. of these men must speak the native language fluently. As a special inducement for enlistment, the men are given the option of desiring to leave before the termination of the war. In no instance is the term of enlistment over one year. The amenities of the army are given along with the king's English occurs all through the paper. In one advertisement for laborers, the statement occurs that "men, not unfamers, are required."

All the advertisements are catalogued by number and dated to the time of their expiration. There is a delightful indefiniteness about all statements that seems at variance with the habitual precision of British character. As an instance, the Durban handicap races advertise a 15,000-pound sweepstakes for the month of May, and the Durban handicap races advertise a 15,000-pound sweepstakes for the month of May, and the Durban handicap races advertise a 15,000-pound sweepstakes for the month of May.

Rich Finds Reported From Nome District

"Just let a story of marvellously rich placer diggings at the North Pole be circulated among the Cape Nome 'stumpers' and will be only a question of a short time before the northern extremity of the earth's axis will not only be discovered but all of the ground adjacent will be staked," said Philip D. Wilson yesterday.

"I am just in receipt of a letter from one of my partners I left in Nome City last winter," continued Mr. Wilson, "and it is written very interestingly of the new discoveries away up north of Nome, a long distance into the Arctic circle. According to him, three new districts away north of Fort Clarence have been organized and deputy recorders appointed. A number of rich creeks are said to have been discovered and many now share the belief that the main backbone of the gold belt in this bleak and inhospitable region lies well inside the Arctic circle. There has been much stampeding during the winter in the country north, northwest and west of the Kongrouk or Fort Clarence district and many hardships are reported together with the loss of a number of lives; men perishing on the trail from cold and hunger. The winter has been unusually severe and as Bering is frozen in places clear across to the Siberian coast it is thought that

none of the steamers bound for Cape Nome this spring can get in earlier than June 1 to 10.

"While many were stampeding, others not believing that all of the gold lay further north, were digging and delving in the vicinity of Nome. Some drift plants were put up on Dry Creek where it is reported they are averaging about \$100 per day to the man. Further up on Newton Gulch, a tributary of Dry Creek, they have struck it still better taking an occasional bucket of dirt that yields from \$200 to \$400 per bucket of perhaps 300 pounds. On Ovens creek, some 20 miles west of Nome, some rich bench claims have been opened up during the winter and are reported to be paying handsomely but no figures are given. The Kuskokwim excitement which lured many away from Nome last fall is said to be a big fake, started by one of the transportation companies in order to dispose of a large amount of provisions taken in there during the Bristol bay excitement.

"This letter came out over the ice by dog teams to Dawson, thence down to Skagway and San Francisco and took nearly four months to reach me. The people of Nome did not know that McKinley was re-elected until a short time before he took the oath of office."

CUT THROUGH STEEL BARS

Although eleven desperate criminals in the county jail have been working industriously for weeks in a daring attempt to escape, their bold work was not discovered Thursday afternoon by the jailers and Sheriff Goddard and his deputies. Charles Gavin and his fellow members of the gang of notorious cells and a small corridor, the prisoners, eleven in all, actually sawed through two bars of what is reported to be the strongest jail cage in the west, and after the wrenching of the bars and an assault upon a keeper lay between the prisoners and liberty when they were discovered.

How long the plotters worked before they even aroused suspicion is not known, but it was weeks, probably months. As all are to be tried soon, it is thought the break for freedom was to have been made this week.

The eleven prisoners are confined in what is known as the "strong box," a cage of strong steel bars, including six cells and a small corridor, the "boarders" being locked in the cells at night. Connected with the cage is a bath room with steel bars, and here is where the escape was made. The men had smuggled into the jail three eight inch saws and made other tools out of knives without being suspected by the authorities.

The jailer allowed two men in the bath room at a time and looked them in while they bathed, and it is supposed that while one made a noise by splashing, the other sawed the steel bars. It was known that some of the men are considered the most desperate criminals in this state, yet they were not watched closely enough by the county authorities to prevent their cutting through the steel bars.

Charles Angus, the Turkey, noticed at last that something unusual was going on. He notified Sheriff Goddard and at 3 o'clock Thursday afternoon the sheriff, with Deputies Pitts and Alward,

and Turn-key Muse, surrounded the "strong box." One by one the eleven prisoners were made to strip and each was locked in a cell. The search followed and these are what was found in the cage:

Three eight-inch saws, five pieces of saws, a piece of scissor blade, case knife one inch long, sharpened and fitted with a wooden handle. The large saws each had handles which had been made by the prisoners from wire hammock hooks in their cells. These saws were wrapped in a blanket and hidden under the steel floor of the cage, while some of the smaller pieces were in a bottle of dark colored medicine in one of the men's cells.

An examination of the bath room showed that the men had sawed through the tops of two of the bars, while the bottom of each was sawed half in two. The work was finished, as all the men had to do to get out into the corridor was to wrench the bars.

It is thought the plot included the killing of the jailer, as the escape would have to be made in daylight and the jailer would be met in the corridor before the street door could be reached. The sheriff's men say they could have intimidated any other men they might have met.

The eleven men who have been in the "strong box" are as follows: Charles Gavin, leader of the Gavin gang of safe crackers; Wilson, Connors and Morrison, also members of this gang; Hamilton, held for alleged burglary; an ex-convict, Tucker; and Bedford, both colored; Wiseman, a cattle rustler; Kidwell, a hold-up; and William Richmond, held for alleged robbery in Colorado City. It is thought that Bedford and possibly several others were not in the plot.

For some time on the discovery of the attempted jail breaking was concealed from the public by the sheriff's office until yesterday.

Range Boundaries Should Be Settled

"It seems to me that it is about time for our legislators to make some kind of just laws governing the public range," said E. J. Parsons at the Alta yesterday. Mr. Parsons hails from Olathe, in Kansas, where the American eagle never ceases screeching "equality." Hence Mr. Parsons' equality of Colorado laws may be pardoned.

"Why, the amount of money that is lost annually, the feuds that have been engendered and the lives that have been lost all on account of the jealousies and animosities of the sheep and cattle men is a blot on the history of this great commonwealth," continued Mr. Parsons.

"There are certain sections of the public range of this state that ought to be set aside for the sheep men; exclusively, the land is better adapted for sheep raising, and more of it could be utilized. The annual output of wool from this state is steadily increasing and in the last few years

sheep will supersede the cattle industry. In the meantime, the cowboys and the sheep herders will keep merely on killing each other now and then by way of diversion.

"As it is now, no written law protects either the cattle or sheep men. There seems to be some sort of a tacit agreement as to the boundaries, but it is usually 'might makes right.'"

"As an instance of this warfare, it was just about three months ago that a number of cowboys attempted to break their vengeance on a herd of 8,000 sheep by forcing them over a precipice because the poor beasts had strayed over to the forbidden side of the river. Fortunately, the plot was discovered before more than three or four hundred had been killed."

Mr. Parsons has just completed a tour of this state and other western states. He is purchaser for one of the large packing-houses and has extensive farming interests in the west.

LIBRARIES FOR COUNTY TOWNS

Branches of the Colorado Springs public library are to be established in six towns in El Paso county tomorrow. The branches will be traveling libraries, each of the following towns having 50 books at a time: Calhan, Fountain, Saloon, Monument, Eastonville and Ramah.

The arrangement has been made as the result of an agreement between the county commissioners and the directors of the Colorado Springs public library. Several days ago the commissioners approved \$450, which will be paid to the local libraries for the books.

There will be six traveling cases, each containing 50 books. One case will be placed in each town and all will be transferred at regular intervals, the books being changed whenever the 50 volumes have been in each place. The books have been well selected so as to please all classes of readers. The branches will be established at central places in each of the towns.

The arrangement cannot fail to be successful in giving the people of the county a chance to read and to keep the books and pay the expenses of transporting the books from town to town.

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The arrangement cannot fail to be successful in giving the people of the county a chance to read and to keep the books and pay the expenses of transporting the books from town to town.

The Sudden Death of Harvey Young

The intelligence of the death of Harvey Young, the artist, comes as a shock to his friends in this city and all over the state. He died yesterday at 2 p. m. at his home at 1223 North Tejon street, after a very brief illness. Although he had been in poor health for a number of years, his condition at no time was considered serious. Saturday last he was out-of-doors and greeted a number of his friends. He died of congestion of the lungs.

Mr. Young has resided in Colorado since 1879 and during the past two years has lived in this city. His reputation as a painter of western life was national and several of his canvases adorn the art galleries of the large cities. During the early days Mr. Young accumulated quite a fortune in mines near Aspen, but later on lost most of his money in unprofitable investments in Denver.

His eldest son, George Young, arrived from Denver last night. No funeral arrangements have yet been made. The deceased leaves a wife and four children, the eldest being this son, 22 years of age. Mrs. Young is completely prostrated by the sudden and afflict.

Two Wheel Thieves Arrested at Limon

Detective Atkinson returned from Limon yesterday morning with two prisoners in charge who are wanted in this city for larceny. Their names are William Smith and Fred Anderson, both colored.

The men were seen in Falcon three or four days ago trying to board an east-bound train. They could not do so, however, and instead decided to come to this city. They were arrested for vagrancy by the Turkey, and Detective Atkinson and were ordered out of the city. About this time two wheels were reported missing. One was a "Crescent" belonging to H. R. Leaman,

and the other was a "Cleveland," the property of G. W. Harris. The police suspected the two men who had been ordered out of town and immediately sent word to the authorities at Limon and Limon to be on the lookout for them. Saturday night word was received from the latter place saying that the men wanted had been arrested in Limon and Detective Atkinson left on a late train Saturday night for that place.

The men had left the wheels at Calhan, Colo., but they were secured and returned to their owners. Smith and Anderson are now in the county jail.

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The Weekly Gazette

Published Every Wednesday

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

A QUARTO-CENTENNIAL SUGGESTION.

ONE OF the plans that has been suggested for the Quarto-centennial, by a gentleman not a resident of this city, is for a joint meeting of the various hereditary societies of the state. It is proposed that the Cincinnati, the Colonial Dames, Colonial Governors, D. A. R.'s, D. R.'s, S. A. R.'s, S. R.'s, the Loyal Legion and other similar societies should join in a union meeting with possibly a dinner on one of the evenings of Quarto-centennial week.

The idea appears to be a good one and it has met with approval from some of our own citizens that are chiefly interested. The objects of these societies include the study and investigation of historical subjects and the cultivation of patriotism, both of which are distinctly in harmony with the celebration proposed for this occasion. Besides that there has not ever been any such joint meeting of the hereditary societies of the state, and it would, as one of the features of the Quarto-centennial attract the interest and secure the attendance of a large number of persons who might not otherwise be present. The suggestion should be borne in mind by the proper committee.

OWL CARS IN COLORADO SPRINGS.

THE ONLY way in which it can be determined whether midnight cars can be made profitable in Colorado Springs is to try them. The petition being circulated among the people of the West Side, and of Colorado City is all right as far as it goes, but the number of people who will sign such a petition is of much less importance than the number who would ride in the half-past-eleven and midnight car, which it is proposed to establish. If there is traffic sufficient to warrant such an arrangement, the company would undoubtedly be very glad to arrange for it; if there is not, it would be folly to expect it to be done.

The Gazette's idea is that it would be a good plan for the company to begin by undertaking the experiment for one night in the week, on Saturday, both on the Colorado City and the North Tejon street line. If it does not prove a success after a week's experiment, the service could easily be discontinued, while if the car should prove to be very well patronized it might seem advisable to extend the arrangement to cover the other days of the week.

THE ANNEXATION OF CUBA.

IT APPEARS that there is no longer any doubt that the Platt amendments will be ratified by the Cuban convention, and there remains little or no danger of an attempt to establish an independent Cuban republic without regard to the wishes of the United States. But a more serious question is already coming into prominence, and will soon be one of the principal subjects of discussion.

The Cuban people are coming to realize what a very serious matter it will be to them to be shut out from the markets of the United States and to be placed upon the basis of foreign producers, while the planters of Puerto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines enjoy unrestricted access to the American markets.

But in opposition to this growing sentiment in Cuba in favor of annexation, it is more than ever apparent that there will be a strong party in the United States that would oppose any permanent union with Cuba. This party includes many who sincerely fear the reception into our commonwealth of such a large number of people not educated up to our standards, but it gains its greatest strength from the sugar, tobacco and other special agricultural interests of this country.

It is already evident that the establishment of the Cuban republic will not put an end to the Cuban question. On the contrary, it will be but the beginning of a long-continued agitation whose final outcome may be long delayed.

THE ROUGH RIDERS' REUNION.

EVENTS are crowding upon each other so close this summer in Colorado Springs that it is necessary to overlap them. Before the presidential visit has become a fact, we are called on to prepare for the welcome to the Rough Riders and other big events of the future are already beginning to attract the attention of those specially interested.

In the case of the Rough Riders the city has extended a formal invitation to this organization to meet here, and no effort should or will be spared to make their welcome a hearty and sufficient one. In entertaining such a gathering Colorado Springs is doing something for which by character and situation this city is particularly well fitted, and it should be made a part of our regular plans for every summer to secure the attendance of as many conventions and reunions and similar gatherings as is possible.

The entertainment of the Rough Riders has been placed in the hands of a very efficient committee, whose efforts will receive the cordial support of the general public.

THE GERMANS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

IT IS becoming more and more evident as the years roll by that at some time in the future the United States will have to face the problem of a large German population in South America, which may in the course of time succeed in establishing its control over one of the present republics, or in wresting a part of its territory from one of the nations now existing, for the purpose of forming a new state.

But it is by no means certain that the question will be as difficult of solution or as dangerous to our interests as we are sometimes led to believe.

If we accept the theory that every South American German, his children and his grandchildren will remain constant to the belief in the divine right of kings and a desire to promote the expansion of German imperialism, then indeed the future would be threatening, and the prospects of trouble almost sure. If every German immigrant to Brazil or Chile is a colonist in the imperial sense who is only waiting for a good opportunity in order to set up a revolution against the country that shelters him and to bring it under the rule of the German emperor, then indeed we may well ask ourselves to what extent we shall tolerate a course of action that would be unbearable if undertaken by more direct means.

But we have no direct evidence that the Germans of South America remain imperialists for any great length of time, and still less is it likely that their children and grandchildren will conspire to exchange the liberties of a republic for the restrictions of an empire. It is not at all improbable that in the case of the settlement of a certain province largely by Germans, race difficulties might arise with a federal government controlled by people of Portuguese or Spanish descent, but it is not likely that German immigrants, a large proportion of whom were made such

by the harsh militarism of the fatherland, would seek relief from a Spanish majority in a South American republic by becoming German colonists.

In the United States there is no class of citizens who are more thoroughly loyal than those of German race and descent, none more intelligent in their appreciation of the true spirit of Americanism, and none more sincerely devoted to the preservation of the liberty that has been bestowed upon them by this republic. We can hardly conceive of any possible circumstances under which the German Americans of Colorado or New York would appeal to Emperor William to protect them from their neighbors of British descent. Something of the same conditions must prevail on the plains of South America, and if ever the struggle between human liberty and the divine right of kings is to be fought out in an armed contest between the allied kingdoms of Europe and the republics of America, we have no doubt that German-Americans of Brazil and of Chile will be found fighting on the same side as their brothers of Illinois and Colorado.

It should be the task of the United States to so direct its diplomacy that the people of South America, of whatever race or origin, should realize the community of interest that binds us together, and if this is done we need not fear that the German refugees from old world tyranny will ever be made an agent to replace the chains on his own limbs and to enslave his new found neighbors of America.

BRYAN ON RECONCILIATION.

FOR a year past the leaders of the Democratic party have been asking themselves, quietly and under the rose, "What shall we do to be saved?" The Kansas City convention was merely an adjourned meeting of the Chicago convention of 1898. It had nothing to do but reaffirm and add a plank on the question of imperialism. The convention came very near a stampede, and the silver plank was saved by a bare vote of one. Possibly some members of the party believed at that time that success was possible; the majority of them did not, and a large minority did not desire it. They saw in the campaign of last fall a golden opportunity to get rid of Bryan and Bryanism, meaning the recruits brought to the party from the Silver Republicans and Populists. The reorganization that they advocate has the same benevolent purpose in view.

This is the peculiar form of mania that has always attacked the Democratic party at critical moments. It was this that has gained for it the name of "The party of blunders." Like the dog that dropped the meat in his mouth to catch at its reflection in the stream, they are always relinquishing that which they have to snap at chimeras. The bird in the bush is always more desirable, from the Democratic point of view, than the bird in the hand. They make it hard to join with them, and forget their allies when the battle is over. Mr. Bryan opposes, in his forcible manner, the reorganization of the party, realizing that no party ever grows great and strong by a process of judicious (?) elimination, and urges instead a policy of assimilation. His plan as outlined in The Commoner, is briefly as follows:

Reconciliation between the two elements must be brought about, if at all, in one of two ways. First, by such a change of opinion as will produce concord and agreement.

The minority denies that it has changed, and there is no evidence of change in the majority.

Second, the two elements might be brought together by some question of importance to overshadow the question about which they differ, but in such case the platform must represent the views of the majority on minor questions.

The struggle between plutocracy and Democracy must be fought out and the Democratic party must take one side or the other. There is no middle ground. If those who have opposed the party in recent years are willing to take the Democratic side in this struggle there will be no difficulty in "getting together," and there will be no lack of harmony. If, however, the men who have been voting the Republican ticket expect to come back, and convert the Democratic party into a plutocratic party, to be run along Republican methods, they will have to announce their platform and make the issue at the primaries. The 6,000,000 and more voters who supported the ticket will not be led into the Republican party without struggle. There is no sense in inviting an opponent into your house to see which can put out the other and those who remain faithful have a right to know whether the reorganizers come as friends or as enemies.

This sets the case forth very fairly, but there is one point that Mr. Bryan does not see, or seeing prefers not to dwell upon, and that is that thousands of citizens are being driven into the Republican party. There is room for only two parties in this country. There will be independent movements, but they are sporadic in their nature and ephemeral in their duration. In the Democratic party, nationally, there is an utter lack of cohesion and fixed purpose; locally—to put it mildly, it leaves very much to be desired; everywhere it is selfish and aggressive, offering few inducements to outsiders to enter its fold.

In its battle against "plutocracy" it threatens the rights of all capital, and makes no distinctions. There were able men in the Thirteenth general assembly who saw with dismay the tendency to treat all corporate interests as enemies to the public welfare, and asked, "Does loyalty to Democratic doctrine mean the throttling of every industry that shows signs of growing strength and power?" Some of them will be found hereafter in the ranks of the Republican party, not because they have been "led" there, but because they are driven away from Democracy by its entire lack of discrimination.

Take, for example, the single case of the mining tax sections in the revenue bill; there were men who could see nothing but "Fortiandness" and "Independence" and "Little Jonnies"; so determined were they to reach the proprietors of these great mines that they were blind to the thousands of little companies or individual owners struggling to keep their mines working at all.

The Democratic party needs, even more than it needs "reconciliation" or "reconstruction," coherence in its plans and intentions, cohesion among its members and a constructive policy. It needs a realizing sense of its own infirmities that would make it a little less oppressively bumptious, and a larger view of affairs that will permit its members to see beyond the confines of their own precincts and wards. The fact that it does not in the least recognize or admit any of these needs is one of the several causes for congratulation in the Republican party.

And now it is the gorgeousness of the presidential train that is worrying some of the Antis. According to these modern Jeffersons, the president of the United States ought to travel in a tourist sleeper, and we are not quite certain but that in order to escape any possible criticism for an alliance with soulless corporations, he ought to beat his way from Washington to California and return on the blind baggage.

THE VALUE OF WATER POWER.

IN THE Engineering Magazine for May, Professor Franz Prasil writes of the important benefits resulting to Switzerland from the possession of abundant water power.

"Nature has not endowed the Swiss soil," says Professor Prasil, "with those treasures that in other lands form the basis on which private and public wealth is built, through industry and trade, and yet Switzerland is a leading industrial country, able, with its products, successfully to maintain its position in the commercial world. This is made possible because its many water powers alone so plentifully for the lack of coal that very often the saving in power cost is great enough to pay for the transportation of products to the borders of the country, and even as far as the great world-markets, and also because the people, owing to the thorough training in their technical institutions, and their intense practical activity at home and abroad, possess in an eminent degree the capacity for the production of goods of high quality. Machine building takes a leading position among Swiss industries, as is evidenced by the success achieved at the Paris exposition. In particular, the manufacture of turbines has developed to such a degree, in consequence of the need for making the most of the country's water power, that it is now carried on by 12 companies."

The remarks have a particular local interest in Colorado. We have an advantage, it is true, over Switzerland, because we have a fertile soil, immense deposits of coal and very varied mineral resources, which Switzerland does not possess. But it is true beyond question that our water power will be in the future one of our most valuable resources and it should always be included in considering the industrial possibilities of our state.

THE VALUE OF RARE METALS.

A PROPOS of recent finds of such rare minerals as cadmium and uranium in Colorado mines, the Engineering and Mining Journal of New York City calls attention to the undoubted fact that the price of these metals as quoted in the catalogues of chemical supply houses is entirely misleading and very far from representing the cash value at which any large quantity of the metal could be sold. Metallic cadmium, for instance, is quoted at \$140 a pound, while uranium oxide is quoted at \$3 a pound, and metallic uranium is correspondingly more valuable. It should be borne in mind, however, that a large part of this value is represented by the costly process of extraction from other ores, a process whose difficulty is increased by the fact that the demand is for chemically pure materials free from mixture with other metals.

But the chief difficulty with such substances as uranium and cadmium as marketable products lies in the very limited use that is made of them. A very small amount of the material is sufficient to supply all demands for it, and the production of a larger amount would be certain to result in a marked decrease in price. There is this to be said, however, that the decrease in price is likely in many instances to result in the discovery of new and profitable uses of these metals, so that the substances may be transferred from the list of substances that are merely chemical curiosities to that of those that are really valuable materials for the manufacturer. Indeed, to some extent this appears likely to be the case with cadmium, which, according to recent reports, is particularly useful in the construction of electric storage batteries.

The sensible conclusion appears to be that the discovery of any rare mineral in Colorado ores should not be made the basis for extravagant hopes based on the price list of rare metals, but on the other hand it is altogether probable that if cadmium or uranium or any other metal can be produced in considerable quantities from Colorado mines, some profitable use will be found for it, and it is quite likely that the future will witness the development of new stores of wealth of which we have now no knowledge.

It appears that Colorado can furnish about everything except codfish and coconuts that can be asked of her, and on the other hand it is pretty safe to trust the inventive Yankee of the east to discover a profitable use for anything we may be able to furnish him.

DR. PEARSONS' DISCRIMINATION.

THERE is no objectionable sectionalism in Dr. Pearson's statement that he will give no money east of Chicago.

It is a discrimination against the east, to be sure, but a wise and far-seeing benefactor, such as Dr. Pearson is known to be, has the right to discriminate. It is even his duty to do so.

Opportunity is the test by which Dr. Pearson apportions his gifts, and he sees in the growing west how his well-placed dollars may become the source of everlasting benefits that will continue to grow in measure and value through all the years of the future.

The strategy of benevolence is a subject to which even generous millionaires seldom devote sufficient consideration, but which Dr. Pearson knows thoroughly. He means to plant his dollars where they will grow, and it is not surprising that he chooses the west for that purpose.

As for the east, it has millionaires of its own, and its educational needs are already far better supplied in proportion than those of the newer west.

THE BALTIMORE ELECTION.

ONE OF the recent notable political events was the election in Baltimore. The city is naturally Democratic, and under the operation of the disfranchisement law, passed by the late legislature, it was believed that assurance had been made doubly sure.

Much to the surprise of the politicians, however, the people took things in their own hands, and the schemers were rebuked by a most decisive majority for the Republican ticket.

The incident affords an additional proof of the truth of a principle to which attention has frequently been called in these columns. Trickery, intimidation and fraud are poor political weapons. In the great majority of cases, they fall absolutely to accomplish the expected benefit, and in the others, the benefit is only a temporary one. The only way to secure permanent political power is for the party to deal honestly with the people.

In Colorado the Democratic majority in the last legislature undertook to perpetuate its power by refusing to pass a congressional reapportionment, and by enacting an assembly reapportionment that is destitute of the first principles of justice, and is deliberately intended to disfranchise the Republicans of this state, and to shut out Republican counties from participation in state affairs. We shall be surprised if the people of Colorado are less prompt than those of Maryland to rebuke such unfair partisanship and outrage upon the good name of the state.

In consequence of a recent unpleasant incident, in which the sultan killed his doctor and shot his vizier because the former pinched his imperial ear, future medical consultations will be arranged over the telephone and messages will be performed by a bullet-proof automaton.

CONTINENTAL STATEHOOD.

THE QUESTIONS that came to the surface immediately after the close of the war with Spain were discussed with vehemence and intensity, and they were, for the most part, quickly settled. Such questions were that regarding the right of the United States to expand itself across the ocean, the one concerning the right of the United States to establish a tariff upon the products of Puerto Rico, the one concerning the suppression of the Tagal rebellion in Luzon, the one that dealt with the immediate settlement of our relations with Cuba, and others of a similar character.

In our treatment of these matters we have been, to a large extent, opportunists. We have done the best thing possible under the circumstances, and we have very wisely postponed the adoption of some comprehensive line of policy until a clearer view of the situation and circumstances should permit us to grasp more intelligently the problems that lie before us.

It is already evident that the larger and more difficult questions are the ones that yet remain to be settled. The establishment of an independent republic in Cuba, even if that be accomplished without any further disturbance, by no means solves the problem of the future destiny of that island and its relation to our country. The dispersion of the insurgents of Luzon and the arrest or surrender of their leaders, is by no means a sufficient answer to the question, "What is going to become of the Philippines?"

For the present, the situation appears clear, but in the future, these questions must arise, and the people of the United States must have their minds prepared by thought and discussion to give the proper and final answer.

Already there is apparent a disposition on the part of many Americans to take the position that never at any time can either Cuba or Luzon become an American state, and an equal factor in our union. According to this idea, membership in the American union must be limited to the continent. New Mexico, Oklahoma and Arizona will constitute the complete circle of states, unless some unforeseen event should expand our area to the north or south.

There is much to be said in favor of this view. Our government and our institutions are planned by Anglo-Saxons for an Anglo-Saxon race. Their success is possible only among a people possessing a very large degree of individual character and intelligence. We already have a grave problem in the presence of certain elements that are not easily assimilated with the rest of our people, and in some states the theory of government by the unrestrained will of the majority is discredited and abandoned. We certainly have most grave and serious problems of our own, without complicating them by the addition of Cuba or Luzon.

But the people who argue that the limits of the self-governing states of the union should never surpass the North American continent are perhaps too hasty in their adoption of a policy for the nation. At the present time, there is no part of the world, with the possible exception of Canada, that we would wish to see included within our union as one or more states, on an equal footing with the others. But that is not saying that at some future time the situation may not change, and there is nothing repulsive nor dangerous in the thought that at some future time, senators from Cuba or Luzon should sit beside those from Maine or Colorado.

It may be urged that the United States has no right to accept, as territories, any islands which it is not the intention to admit as states within a reasonable length of time. But such a contention is based upon a narrow view of the Constitution that is not acceptable to the majority of our people. The United States has the right to amend its Constitution, and consequently, it has the right to do anything that may be considered to be for the best welfare of its people. We have the right, if we choose to do so, to receive under our care, dependent peoples, and to educate them to the point where they may be entrusted with their own independence or may be lifted into a share in our union as self-governing states. The permanent retention, as territories, of islands that can never become states, and which we have no intention of erecting into independent self-governing nations, is not in accordance with the spirit of our institutions; but in practical affairs there is no difference apparent between the island that is being held permanently as a dependency, the one that is being educated towards statehood, and the one that is being uplifted toward independence.

ESTERHAZY'S CONFESSION.

COUNT ESTERHAZY's formal confession of the authorship of the famous Dreyfus bordereau, as published in the Independence Belge, will add little to the certainty of the fact already generally believed, or to the infamy in which he is justly held by justice-loving people throughout the world.

On the other hand, it is not likely that the confession of this scoundrel will have any effect in France in restoring the good name of Dreyfus, or in abating the prejudice against him. The victim of the bureaucracy was punished, not because he was guilty, but because he was, for various reasons, objectionable, and each fresh proof of his innocence only serves to add to the bitterness of hatred against him. A Frenchman actually guilty of the crime with which Dreyfus was charged would not have been made to suffer as this victim of cruel wrong has done.

THE FLORENCE OIL DISTRICT.

THE OIL DISTRICT at Florence has been thus far the only important producing area in this state, and more development work has been done there than in all others put together.

But recent discoveries in the Florence district serve to strengthen the belief, which has been quite generally held, that this oil field is capable of large extension both in area and in productive ability.

The recent interest in oil promises to add greatly to the importance of this industry in our state, and it is an illustration of how much good might be accomplished in many ways by the application of capital in an intelligent manner to our varied resources.

A POINT OF SLANG.

THE GAZETTE does not object to slang when it is apt, appropriate and reasonable. The slang of today becomes the idiom of the future and the idiom of today is the slang of the past.

But there is a difference in slang. If you tell a man for instance, that his "trolley is off," you have expressed his temporary disconnection with his motive power in language that may be more fitting and expressive than any other that could be used.

But if you tell him—and this expression is heard every day—that he is off his trolley, you are talking foolishness. Be sensible, even when talking slang.

After their temporary foray into the swamps of Wall street our local speculators will be glad to get back to the solid ground of Organic Creek mining stocks.

JUSTICE JEROME'S DANGEROUS EXAMPLE.

By JULIUS CHAMBERS.
(Copyright, 1901. Cosmographic Company.)

Mr. Justice Jerome is one of those brilliant examples of the strenuous life whose exploits from the rising of the sun to the setting of the same, or perhaps more correctly speaking, from the setting of the sun to the rising of the same, produce in a man of more than common energy a feeling of lassitude. In the metropolitan life of the city of New York only one other similar example can be found. Search the annals as you will, turn the well-thumbed pages of history, and it is not until you come to R that the other example will be found. Here you may read of one Roosevelt, Theodore, police commissioner.

Mr. Justice Jerome has been one of the midnight adventures of Teddy, the commissioner, with feelings akin to jealousy, or for all one knows, with his lip curling contemptuously. In two respects they resemble each other in so far as they both contemplate the night hawk seeking their quarry by night, and both look upon the lesser mortals who inhabit this earth with pangs in their eyes. But Teddy had teeth and a grin, while Mr. Justice Jerome has been forced to a sledge hammer and a frown.

Police Commissioner Roosevelt, by midnight deeds of official wakefulness, swooped down upon the truant bluecoat seeking the seduction of the gay school's aide door and ordered him to his post, or pounced upon the laborer's little daughter fetching home a pail of beer for the midnight dinner.

Mr. Justice Jerome, after a day's labor in disposing of the leisure time of sundry "drunks and disorderlies," places himself at the head of police inspectors in his service and invades the lair of the half-hidden gambler, catches him red handed in dealing the bewitching fero cards or softly spinning the merry roulette ball.

Some unappreciative citizens are not impressed by the energy displayed by Mr. Justice Jerome any more than they were by Police Commissioner Roosevelt. They are of the opinion that midnight exploits of the character indulged in by these stalwart examples of the strenuous life have a tendency to lower the dignity of the official position to which they are appointed.

It is now a matter of record that Commissioner Roosevelt did impair his usefulness in regulating the department under his control by doing roundsmen's work, and what the effect upon the magisterial bench will be by the raids of Mr. Justice Jerome is yet to be learned. One thing, however, Mr. Justice Jerome has proven, and that is the reforms of the late police commissioner were not lasting. It is the police force, as well as the gambler, Mr. Jerome has put on evidence.

In small communities the energy of one citizen may possibly at certain times find outlet in several capacities, and in a great city like New York it is not incumbent for any one citizen to be content with one office. The picture of a justice of the court of sessions charging, a la Don Quixote, the windmills of the gamblers, with the counsel of the vice committee his Sancho Panza, is entertaining to the newspaper reader, who enjoys picturesque touches to routine police work, yet on more sober reflection it causes a blush to mantle the cheeks of the citizen who desires to see the bench administer justice impartially.

Departments of public service such as the police force is may become rotten to the core, but the bench, the only safeguard for individual and public rights, entrusted with the impartial administration of justice, must be preserved from the contamination of prejudice. Evidence must be weighed by cool, calm, dispassionate, unprejudiced men, according to the rules governing the admission of evidence. Men who become prosecutors, process servers, executors of warrants can scarcely escape prejudice. Prejudice has no place in the scales of justice; and the man who can drive the guilty to the prison pen is not the man to hold the scales of justice a few hours after.

Mr. Justice Jerome may be an exceptional man, an immune from the weaknesses of the flesh; but he sets a dangerous example. The bench should not be exposed to conditions provocative of bias, even though a gambler's essence and a police force remain corrupted. If there are no other outlets for the excellent work up above done by Mr. Justice Jerome, then let him resign from the bench in order to conduct his raids. A justice, pistol in hand, serving his own warrants, is almost too primitive a performance for a city of the magnitude of New York.

STOCKBROKERS TODAY AND TWO CENTURIES AGO.

By JOHN P. FOLEY.

(Copyright, 1901. Cosmographic Company.)

The closing days of the first April and the opening days of the first May of the new century will be forever memorable in the financial history not alone of the United States, but of the world. Then, in the New York stock exchange, the most colossal sales of stocks on record took place, and the ownership of a valuable and other properties changed hands at the stupendous rate of a million dollars a minute, extending over a period of a few hours. As a game of money-making or money-losing, it was magnificent in fact, the most titanic contest of the kind that ever took place. By the moralist it will, of course, be condemned, and justly so, while the philanthropist will deplore it because of the evidence it unmistakably affords of the insatiable greed of human nature. To the disinterested patriot it will appear as an evil and ominous symptom of the times, foreshadowing degenerate and corrupt social conditions which the lessons of all experience prove to be fatal to the purity and strength of government. But if there be this dark side to the picture it must be admitted that it also has its bright one, which is the irrefutable proof that the history of stock operations in England shows that they had their origin in an abundant prosperity. Toward the close of the 17th century the opportunities for investment of money, except in land, were few, and as a consequence it was hoarded in all manner of secret places, drawing no interest, while its safety was a source of constant worryment to its owners. There were only a few stock companies, the chief of which was the East India. The stock in these corporations was unequal to the demands for it, and the modern device of "watering" had not yet been invented. Then appeared, to quote one of England's greatest historians, "a crowd of projectors, ingenious and honest, honest and knavish, who employed themselves in devising new schemes for the employment of redundant capital. It was about the year 1688 that the word stockbroker was first heard in London." It came to stay, and not only that, but to increase and multiply and become one of the most potent forces in the realm. The money hidden away in secret vaults and drawers, buried in cellars and stored in attics, soon found its way into the swindling companies formed by these ingenious hunters after other people's cash. All classes of society were seized with the mania to become suddenly rich, and regarded with contempt the slow, old-fashioned methods of thrift, industry and patient accumulation which had characterized all the generations that preceded the coming of a financial revolution. The great majority of the bubbles burst, and England had its first experience of stockbrokers and speculators. That was about 300 years ago, but the old game is still being played there, here, everywhere within the borders of what is called civilization.

REVOLT IN TAMMANY HALL.

By HON. JAMES O'BRIEN, leader of the City Democracy.
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The Tammany society is as old as the government. It was founded to control the rights of the masses as against the classes, and during its early history it nobly did the work for which it was instituted. Tammany, under its present leadership, is an entirely different thing. The great majority of the men that follow it and vote the ticket it puts in the field are as honest and patriotic as any people on earth. They believe in Democratic institutions and want to see them perpetuated. They believe in purity in public life. They are the stern foes of raceability in every form. They are loyal to the principles they profess. They want to keep rogues out of office, and they insist that the offices shall be administered by the men of their choice. I am speaking now of the Tammany voters who have never held office, and who do not want it, who are the sternest and most conservative commercial and professional business of their own to manage and expand. The great majority of the great organization are, I may say, horrified at the revolution that has been made during the past six months with respect to the criminal connection of many of the men whom they have elevated to office with the outlaws and vagabonds of society. They are appalled at the iniquity that has been exposed, and have resolved that it shall not go unpunished. This explains the popular revolt against Tammany, and it accounts for the immense accession of citizens in every election district to the ranks of the city Democracy.

But this is not the only drawback that the inside Tammany ring has to face at the present time. Within the lines of Tammany itself a tremendous revolt is in process of fermentation. Many of the district leaders are discontented with the more material benefits that Tammany supremacy in the government of nearly four millions of people implies. These men find themselves in a most unpleasant position. By their constituents, so to speak, they are suspected of corrupt participation in the profits of the toll that is levied on every form of vice, whereas in reality they are entirely innocent. They are made shivers in the odium of amazing fortunes out of the profits of vice, while less than half a dozen avowed cynics and cynophants of the horse-racing boss have taken the entire blackmail that is levied upon the violation of the law. As one of them said to me recently, "Crocker and his pals are hogging the whole thing."

The aim of the men with whom I am associated is to rescue the Democratic party of the greatest city of the union from the clutches of this gang, who are misusing the enormous powers vested in them for their own emolument. And we will do it. Crocker and his clique are not Democrats except in name. They are an organized confederacy of public plunderers, and they will be put down in their true colors before the next mayoralty campaign comes to an end. They are not one whit better than William M. Tweed and the gang that looted New York a generation ago. The honest Democrats of the metropolis have hunted them out of power. Tweed, a scoundrel from Austria, who caught on the shores of Vigo Bay, in Spain, brought back with him "the prince" on his wrists and landed in jail, where he died. It is not improbable that some of the gentlemen who now apparently have everything their own way and are insolently putting Tweed's old question to the people, "What are you going to do about it?" will share Tweed's ignominious fate. New York and Tammany Hall—the honest men in it—have had enough of Crocker.

BEAUMONT TODAY

A BEDLAM OF SPECULATION

Beaumont? or you. Live? Say, it's a dizzy whirl; it's a frenzy; it's a delirium; it's a sort of paroxysmal speculative hysteria.

It's swift and dizzy; but say, it's only the opening scene in what appears, just now, likely to become the greatest speculative excitement the world has ever witnessed, and what we see in Beaumont today we are likely to see all over the Gulf coast region of Texas and Louisiana by next December—and for a distance of 200 miles back from the coast.

This of course can not be unless the whole country participates in the excitement.

But it will probably participate—when it comes to understand. But what is it like at Beaumont?—like one of our Colorado mining expeditions?

A little, but swifter—a good deal swifter. It's more like that delightful, dizzy, deadly thing, a ghost dance—of course you have seen a ghost dance? If you haven't don't ask me.

The oil fever seems to go to the head faster and worse than a mining excitement.

There are a great many Colorado men down here, and of course they are at the make and they are bringing a good deal; but you can't see the quality of this thing rather stagger them. It's faster and dizzier than any movement they ever saw at home. They look a little dazed but they are keeping up with the procession pretty well.

They are keeping in the middle of the road like old wheel horses, while the light-hearted Texans are careening all over the fields and giving their simple, trusting hearts up to the delirium of the thing like a drove of their own thin, shrewy, longhorn "feeders" let out of the train up in Illinois.

There isn't a fence or a barn or a tree that they are not ready to try a jump at and a jump over.

You can imagine how many legal fences they have leaped to handle these lands in the reckless, insane, delirious way they are doing.

Titles pass here in two minutes that cannot under the laws be gotten into safe shape in a long time.

Of course you can get just as sound a title in Texas as in Massachusetts and get it just as quickly—but you can't get it any quicker. You can't buy a safe land title anywhere just as you would buy a cup of chestnuts at a stand and put them in your pocket and walk on. Yet that is about the way titles are sold here just now. That sort of insanity of course will be over in a few days. The disease is too acute to last long.

The legs crop will be large when the harvest is ready.

These lands are largely old, inherited estates entangled among dissident heirs, incumbered by judgments of long standing and by widows' dower rights and husbands' courtesy rights, and minor children's rights, but everything goes.

The law of Texas like that of the half-civilized New England states, still requires the signature of the wife to a deed of real estate.

This complicates the situation down here just now and puts a certain strain upon things.

For it isn't every man these days, even in brave and virtuous Texas, who can say positively whether he is married or not.

And oh, say! Maybe a fellow isn't lonesome to know whether he is married or not—or, the same thing, whether he is really divorced or not—when land that cost 50 cents an acre in December jumps to \$500,000 an acre by April, and he must make a clear deed or the sale is knocked—maybe he isn't!

Yes, when the legal harvest is ripe the crop will be big and profitable. The lawyers can afford to wait.

Meanwhile the dizzy, whirling ghost dance goes on—men selling real estate for thousands per acre on titles that wouldn't hold a yellow dog. Nobody will trouble the purchaser of course till he strikes a big well—

But that's all! Yes, selling and buying real estate just as fakers sell badges and button-hole photographs around a convention—hawking it around the streets with survey maps in hand and interesting anyone who will listen.

And big sales are made that way, too. The buyers are, of course, as crazy as the sellers.

Everybody here is living as if they were the last.

Beaumont has not yet—as a new mining camp would—had any building boom.

It was a roomy, over-built town and didn't need it till just now—and now some scores of hundreds of little huts and sheds for offices are going up—dizzy things to last a few weeks when the frenzy will probably be at an end. Then the town authorities will go to work with teams and scrapers and clean the accumulated filth out of the streets—perhaps.

The oil wells are four or five miles south of the town and as quiet as the grave compared with the bedlam at Beaumont—except Sundays, when all the railroads except excursion trains, and bring thousands from a distance to see the gushers gush.

It is a sight, of course, but it isn't half so much of a sight as the idiots who want to see it and are willing to wade around in the dirt and swelter in the heat to behold it.

Several of the wells are allowed to gush from five to fifteen minutes on end. It is as quiet and restful as a tomb—only, of course, as different as Colorado and Texas.

It has long been a wealthy industrial town and the oil has done nothing to improve its appearance but quite the contrary.

No doubt the people have—or many of them—made great wealth selling their hitherto cheap lands. But that wealth doesn't show yet.

To me the real wonder is that it has, as yet, created so little.

It is a great excitement, to be sure, but it is not yet so great as the Klondike gold excitement.

And only guessing, of course—there are no facts yet on which to base a judgment—but I feel quite safe in guessing that the Texas oil means about a million times as much to humanity as the Klondike gold.

There is reason to suppose that the field is very extended, and that future developments are going to prove as wonderfully productive as those of last winter. If this supposition is realized, the discovery is going to be of incalculable value—of a value so great that all the gold produced in all the world in the last hundred years—some five or six billions—is a mere bagatelle by comparison.

That's what I think of the Texas oil discovery—as a probability.

The excitement hasn't really begun yet, and it will not begin, probably, for some time, when a great number of new wells scattered over a wide area—about as wide as the state of Pennsylvania—will be coming in.

If these line up fairly well with the wells at Beaumont, there will then be—at least there should be—the greatest excitement and speculation the world has ever witnessed.

The world has never yet witnessed so great a value disclosed in so brief a time and at so small an outlay.

The value of the Texas oil should, beginning with next January, exceed from that time forward, the value of all the gold annually produced in the world—provided the field, as development is extended, shows up anything like the oil field at Beaumont.

It is an ignorant frenzy, in all probability.

There is no present reason to suppose the productive field is less than 40,000 square miles in extent.

Of course it will not be all equally productive, nor all produce the same character of oil.

No large field does.

Some parts of it will produce oils fuel oil with the "sulphur basis," others illuminating oil, and still others the lubricating oil.

The day of surprises in oil is past, and so I shall not be astonished to see, by next year, producing a superior quality of cotton-seed oil, and that, too, very close to the surface—and we may thank the Lord if they do not even find castor oil.

Only think what burden and a weariness life will be to the children of future generations with castor oil at one cent a gallon!

It is a delirium!

It's a frenzy!

It's a ghost dance—a deadly ghost dance.

One month more of this Beaumont insanity will produce yellow fever.

The town is unprepared to take care of the insane crowd that rush here, and all become exposed to conditions that must soon breed an epidemic.

It will probably begin with some form of epidemic (bowels) fever.

The water is deadly. It is backed from the forested swamps up the country and looks and tastes like barn-yard juice.

Yet nobody filters it; nobody boils it. The natives do not, and transients who realize its deadly character cannot, of course. They would no doubt if they intended to stay. But most of them don't intend to stay. Most of those who come intend to stay but a few days. But others come as fast as they go, and the crowd swells—grows larger, more suffocating and sweltering every day—and more dangerous.

The mad, frenzied whirl of the situation is beyond description—and it is increasing.

There is great money here, no doubt; but there is great danger of a sudden epidemic.

The salubrious atmosphere always enjoyed by Beaumont, in its quiet days, is now a thing of the past.

There is a certain strain upon things. For it isn't every man these days, even in brave and virtuous Texas, who can say positively whether he is married or not.

And oh, say! Maybe a fellow isn't lonesome to know whether he is married or not—or, the same thing, whether he is really divorced or not—when land that cost 50 cents an acre in December jumps to \$500,000 an acre by April, and he must make a clear deed or the sale is knocked—maybe he isn't!

you lay a thin pancake on a kitchen floor and call the kitchen floor Jefferson county, and the pancake Spindle Top Heights you will get a correct idea of the Beaumont oil field.

Jefferson county is in the extreme southeast of Texas and lines on Louisiana, being separated from it by the Sabine river and Sabine lake, which is a long, shallow lagoon, really the estuary of Sabine river. The scenery has charms of a lonesome, wind-swept, desolate sort, but very real and, to me, very impressive.

The city of Beaumont is an important railroad center. The oil has done nothing so far to change the appearance of the city—except to turn it into a temporary pandemonium of speculation.

But that will all pass in a few weeks. The soil of the country is a heavy clay, hard to cultivate but very rich—the old sea bottom.

The lumber is the same as the Georgia and Florida pine—very excellent and very cheap.

There is no Gladys City except on the map plat. There is no shanty town down at the oil wells—only a few tents.

Beaumont has much of the energetic character of a northern industrial town. The business center is substantial. It has two national banks, four big brick mills and three or four immense lumber mills before oil was struck. The climate is a haggard nightmare of heat and chills that would undermine the health of a cast iron dog.

Oranges and bananas can be grown here about as peaches can be grown in California.

These Texans are clever people—they are bright, energetic and seem to want to live. And yet they drink such water without distilling, filtering, boiling or even straining!

The Beaumont natural oil is a very substantial bonanza.

It is a fuel oil with a sulphur basis—whatever that means, but don't ask me to tell.

This much, however—it appears to be a petroleum that has lain long in more or less intimate connection with beds of sulphur.

All this Gulf-coast country, and especially over in Louisiana, has long been known as underlaid with strata of almost pure sulphur.

If you are idiot enough to ask me where the sulphur came from to form those deep beds. I answer that God put it there. This is just as satisfactory, probably, as any geological explanation that can, at present, be given.

God also put the petroleum there, close to the sulphur, or immediately with it, and that accounts for the "sulphur basis" which this Beaumont oil contains—at least, if it doesn't, you may account for it in some other way, if you can.

You could not waste a moment of your valuable time wondering at the excitement this Texas oil discovery has created.

To me the real wonder is that it has, as yet, created so little.

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Only think what burden and a weariness life will be to the children of future generations with castor oil at one cent a gallon!

Even in the hotels, which in ordinary times were fairly good, four to six beds in a room intended for only one.

Men mad to make money denying themselves the time to eat, and sustaining themselves on liquor day in and day out. It is possible this can continue much longer in this sweltering heat and not breed an epidemic?

I think not.

Unless the frenzy abates, I look for yellow fever by July first. I look for a serious epidemic fever—a fever of the bowels—within a few weeks or a few days.

And then a scattering, sudden and pell-mell.

Think of holding a national pre-dental convention during every day of July and August with a little northwestern town of 10,000 people and you get a fair idea of what existence is in Beaumont today.

The only hope is that the insanity may suddenly abate. But I think it will not abate till all the idiots are dead and the railroads stop their cheap excursions.

The food is as good as food you would find anywhere else in the circumstances, and better than you would find in most places, because Beaumont is a railroad center, and food can be gotten here in unlimited quantities from New Orleans, Houston, Galveston and Kansas City in 24 hours.

But the water is deadly.

It is rotten, from rotten swamps, and the smell of it is sickening. It could be filtered and boiled and rendered innocuous by distillation at small cost, but nobody here thinks of it. Everybody expects to jump out as soon as the epidemic strikes.

A little money and a little hygienic intelligence applied in time might save the situation. But they are not likely to be applied.

The barn door will not be locked till after the horses have been stolen.

My God!—to think of American humanity voluntarily living in the midst of such wealth under conditions where the breaking of a closet pipe is a public calamity!

Already you dare not step off the sidewalk lest you—well, "cut your feet."

Think of that in a sweltering climate like July and August up north. And, of course, it is getting worse and worse every day.

If an army were in such a situation anybody that knew anything of hygienic conditions would expect a frightful epidemic. But in an army there would be authority to compel order and enforce healthful conditions.

There is no such authority here.

I came, in a sense, prepared. I brought different grades of clothing, I had money enough to make myself comfortable and to get away at a minute's notice. I found a comfortable cheap room in the outskirts of the town among decent, safe people at \$50 a month. In Denver, Chicago or Washington the same room would be had for about \$7 a month.

I got my meals at a mechanic's boarding house near by for 25 cents each—and they are very good meals, too, much better than I could get down town at \$1 each, and more satisfactorily served.

Not one in a hundred here has been as comfortable as I am, and for as long and yet I have been sick—deadly sick—two days out of five. But I was in discreet enough at first to drink the nasty native water. It seemed less objectionable than the nasty hot beer or than the raw, fiery whiskey.

I thought the soda fountains were a providence at first, as probably they are, but when the attendant filled them up with the yellow, stinky swamp water, I changed my mind. I drink the bottled table waters now, and hope for better results.

But think of the sweltering thousands here who can't get the bottled waters!

The hotel offices and verandas and dining rooms are just a sweltering vast bath—and the vapor is human sweat! Think of it!

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I got my meals at a mechanic's boarding house near by for 25 cents each—and they are very good meals, too, much better than I could get down town at \$1 each, and more satisfactorily served.

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